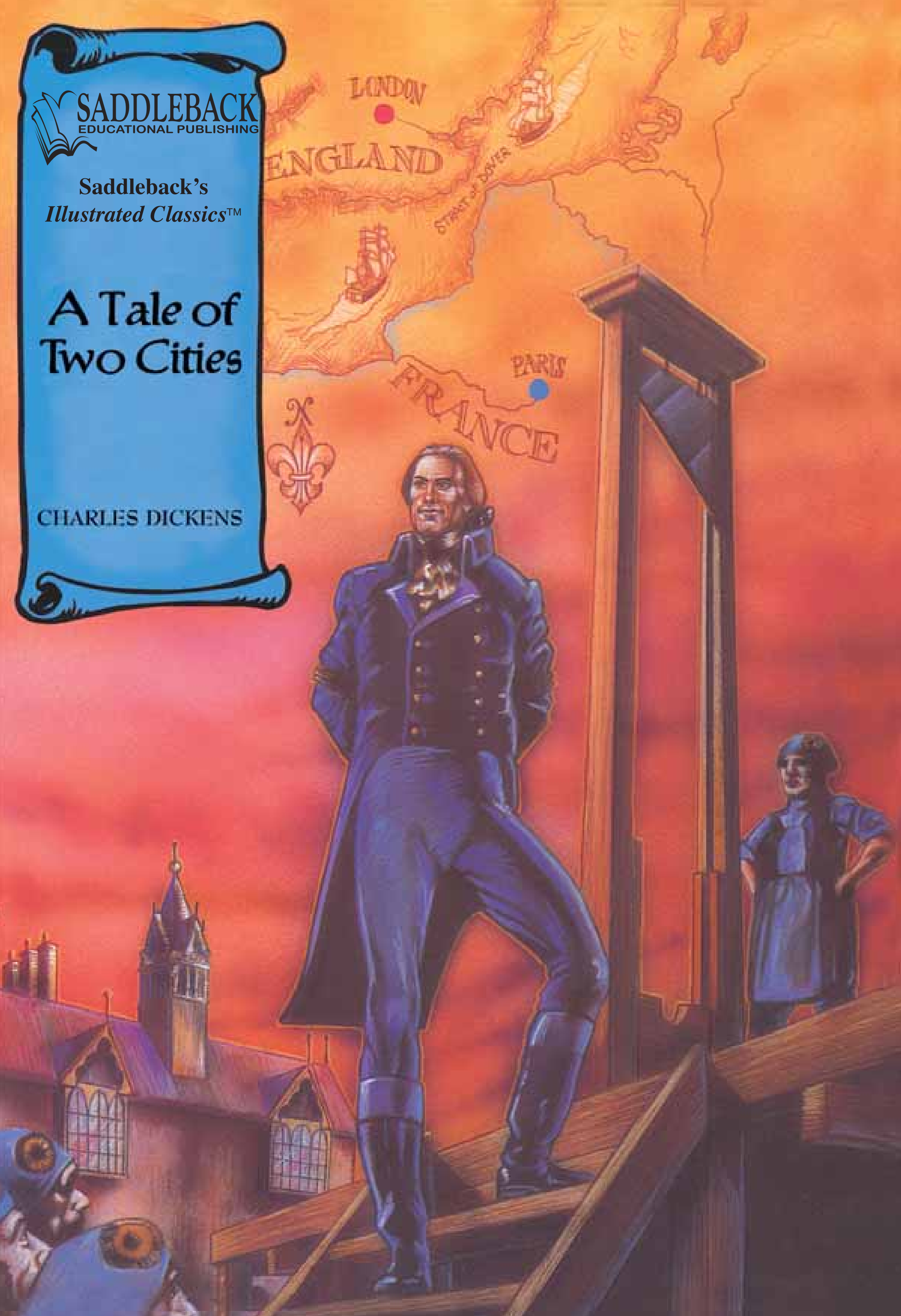
SADDLEBACK
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING

**Saddleback's**
*Illustrated Classics*™

# A Tale of Two Cities

CHARLES DICKENS



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# Welcome to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™

We are proud to welcome you to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™ was designed specifically for the classroom to introduce readers to many of the great classics in literature. Each text, written and adapted by teachers and researchers, has been edited using the Dale-Chall vocabulary system. In addition, much time and effort has been spent to ensure that these high-interest stories retain all of the excitement, intrigue, and adventure of the original books.

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# Overview

Everyone deserves to read the best literature our language has to offer. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™ was designed to acquaint readers with the most famous stories from the world's greatest authors, while teaching essential skills. You will learn how to:

- Establish a purpose for reading
- Use prior knowledge
- Evaluate your reading
- Listen to the language as it is written
- Extend literary and language appreciation through discussion and writing activities

Reading is one of the most important skills you will ever learn. It provides the key to all kinds of information. By reading the *Illustrated Classics*™, you will develop confidence and the self-satisfaction that comes from accomplishment—a solid foundation for any reader.

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Remember,

***"Today's readers are tomorrow's leaders."***



# Charles Dickens

Charles Dickens, perhaps the most popular and greatest English novelist of all time, was born in 1812, the son of a clerk in the Navy-Pay office. Although from a poor background and forced to go to work at the age of 10, he was still both ambitious and industrious. His education came on his own through books—those in school as well as his own.

Dickens wrote of people as he saw them, and because of his concern for social conditions in England, created some of the most memorable, timeless characters in literature. At 31 years old, in order to pay some pressing debts, he wrote *A Christmas Carol,* a wonderful, intriguing, joyful mystery about the spirit of Christmas, and without question one of the most widely read classics of all time. The particular characters Dickens created for this story—Scrooge, Bob Cratchit, Tiny Tim, and the Ghosts of Christmas—will always remain indelibly etched in literature.

The turning point in his life came at the time of his marriage. Both his wedding day and his first publication occurred in the same year. Some of his other timeless stories such as *A Tale of Two Cities, Oliver Twist,* and *Great Expectations* were immensely popular in Victorian England; however, it is said that *A Christmas Carol* is his finest accomplishment.

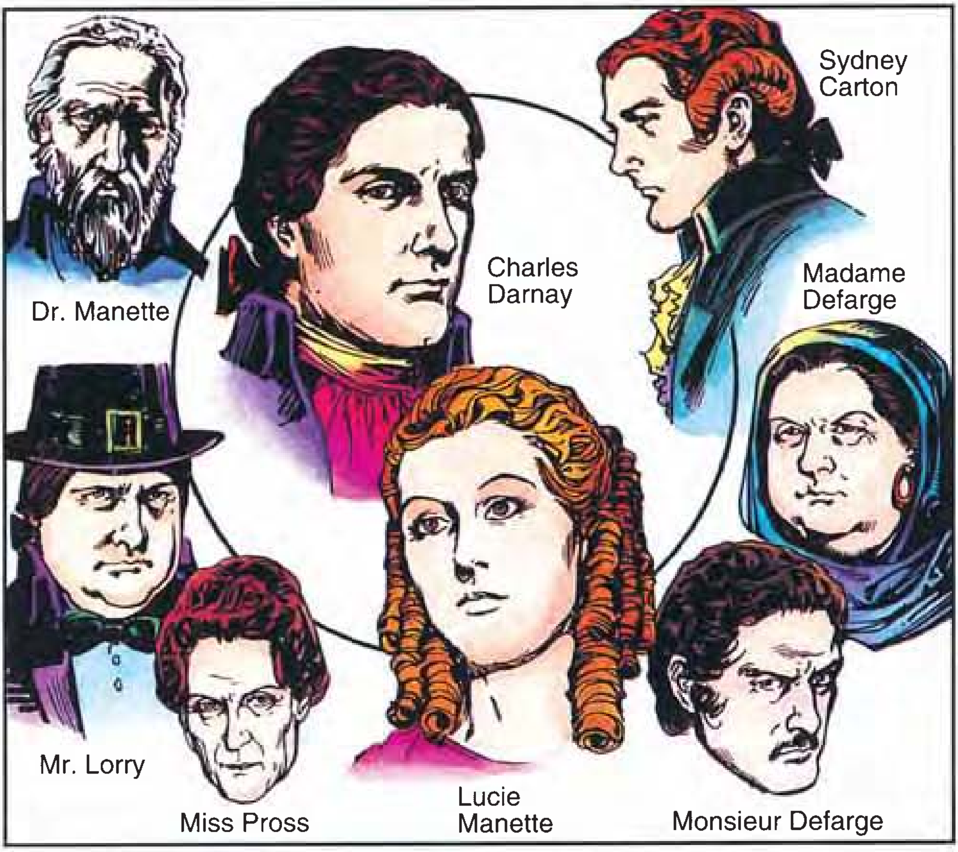
Dickens, surely one of the greatest storytellers and creators of memorable characters, died in 1870.

Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™

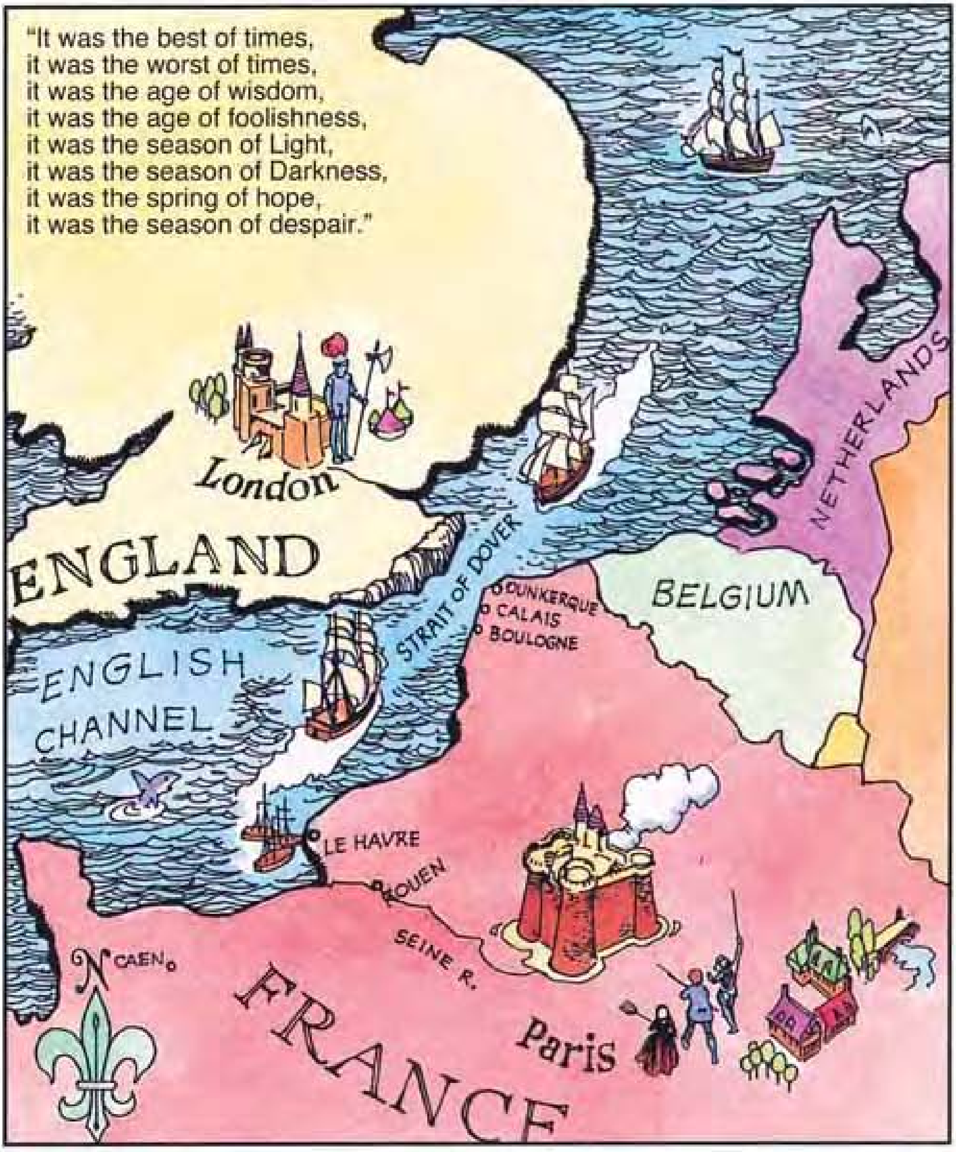
# A Tale of Two Cities

CHARLES DICKENS

THE MAIN CHARACTERS

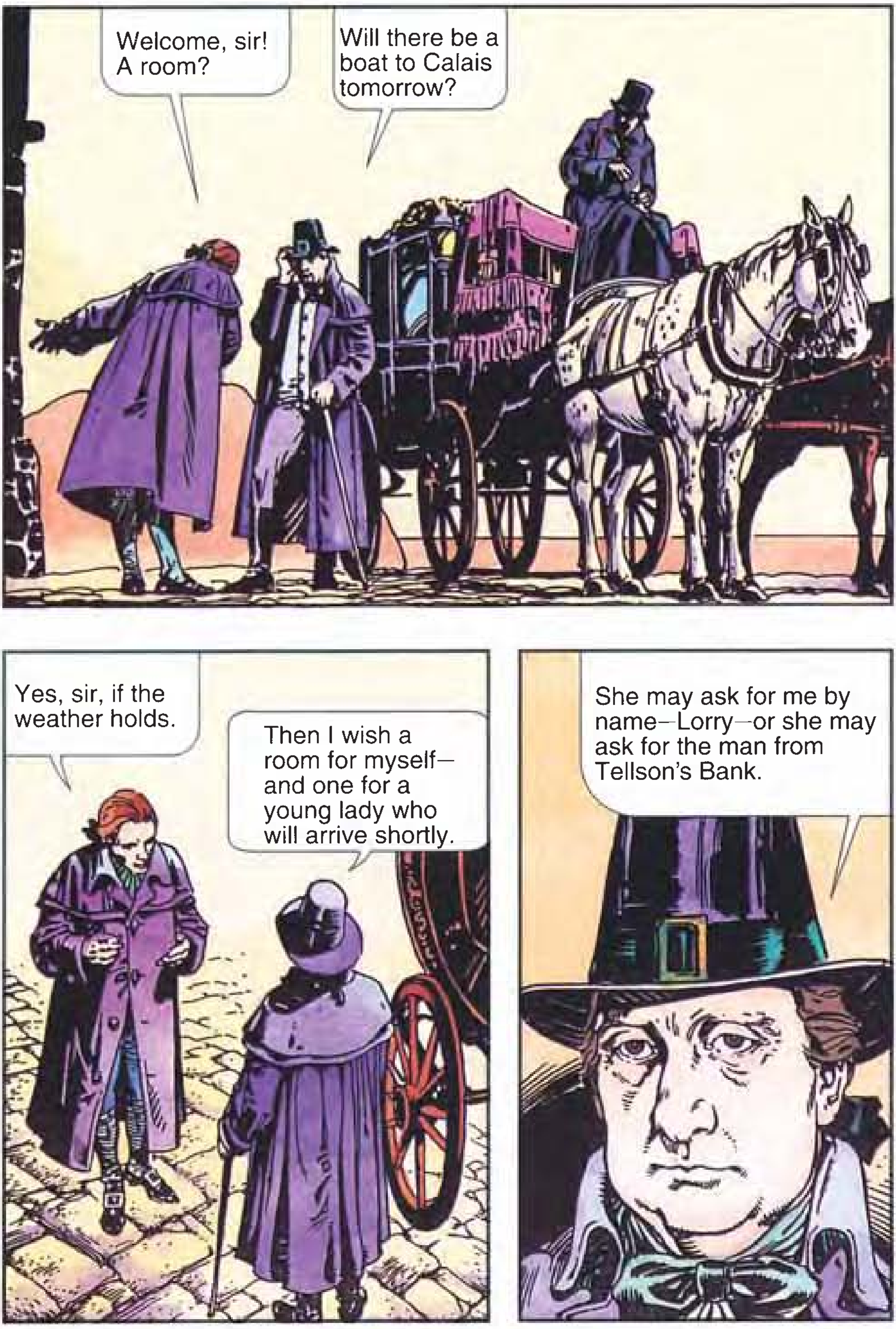


Until the year 1775, the kings of both France and England ruled with great power. But they did not rule kindly or fairly, and people all over were dying from hunger. At last the peasants of France, some 300,000 in number, joined together to overthrow the King. They captured him, tried him, found him guilty, and had him beheaded.



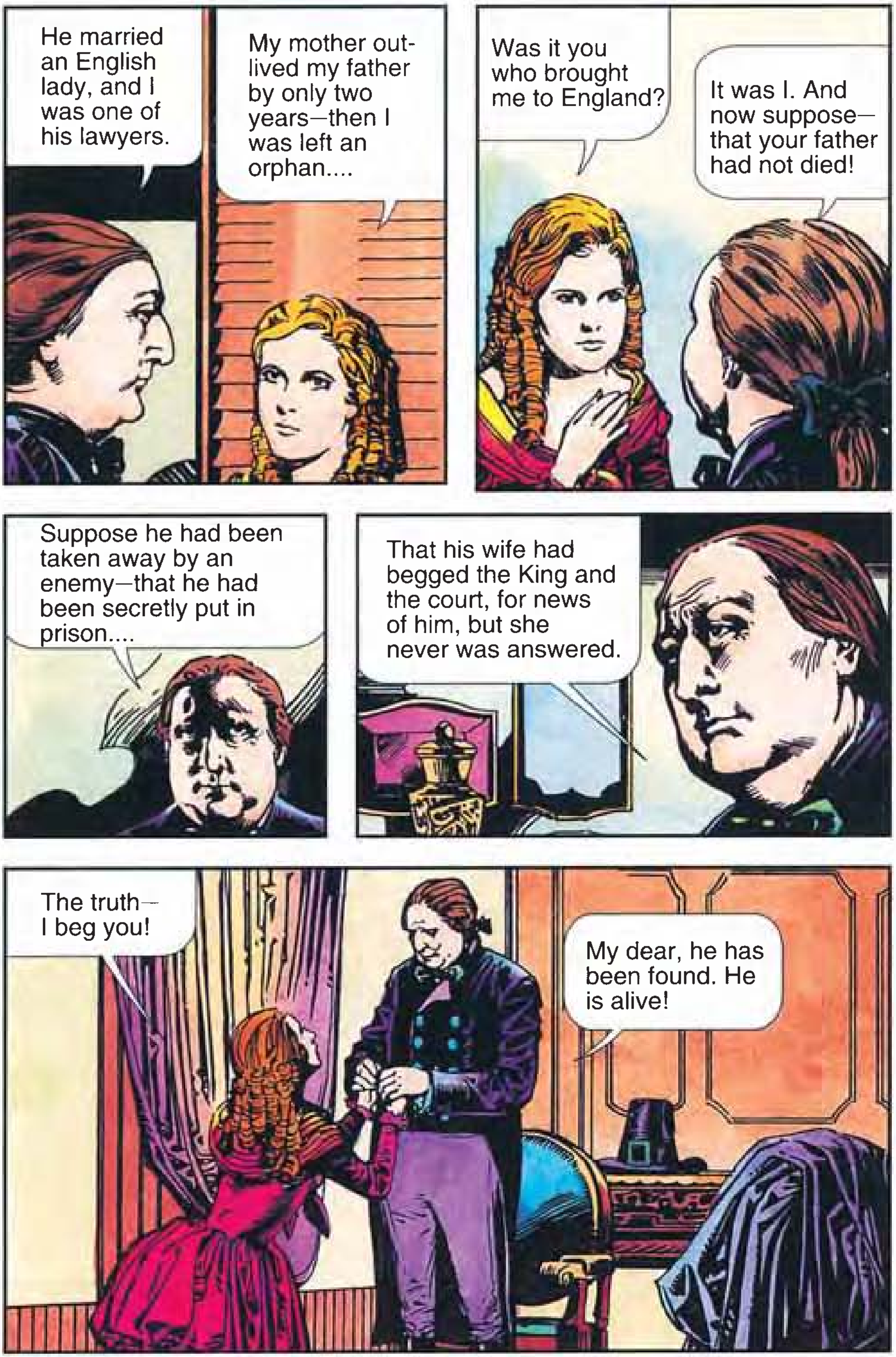

It is at this time that our story takes place... set in the cities of Paris and London... the people are some of the innocent and some of the guilty who were alive at that time.

One winter day in 1775, the mail coach from London finished its journey to Dover.



A little later....




He married an English lady, and I was one of his lawyers.
My mother out-lived my father by only two years—then I was left an orphan....
Was it you who brought me to England?
It was I. And now suppose—that your father had not died!
Suppose he had been taken away by an enemy—that he had been secretly put in prison....
That his wife had begged the King and the court, for news of him, but she never was answered.
The truth—I beg you!
My dear, he has been found. He is alive!







In the St. Antoine area of Paris, on a narrow, dirty street, was the wine shop of M. and Mme. Defarge. Mr. Lorry took Lucie there upon their arrival in Paris.



M. Defarge entered the shop smiling, open-faced.




He led them into an apartment, up a steep, dark dirty staircase with garbage on every landing.




When he learned who Mr. Lorry was, he was changed instantly into an angry man.



He stopped at the door of an attic room and took out a key.







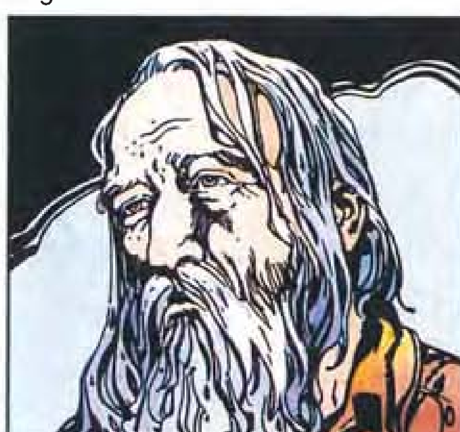
One would have said the attic room was too dark for work; yet a man sat on a low bench, very busy making shoes.







For a second it looked as if he might remember.



Then darkness fell again. With a deep sigh, he returned to work.



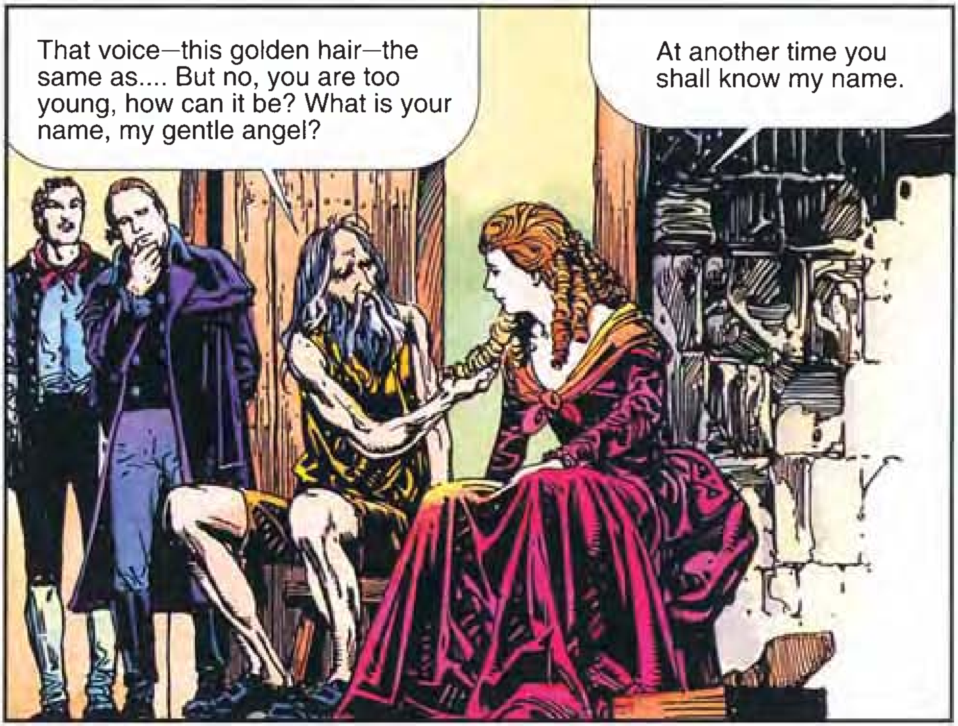


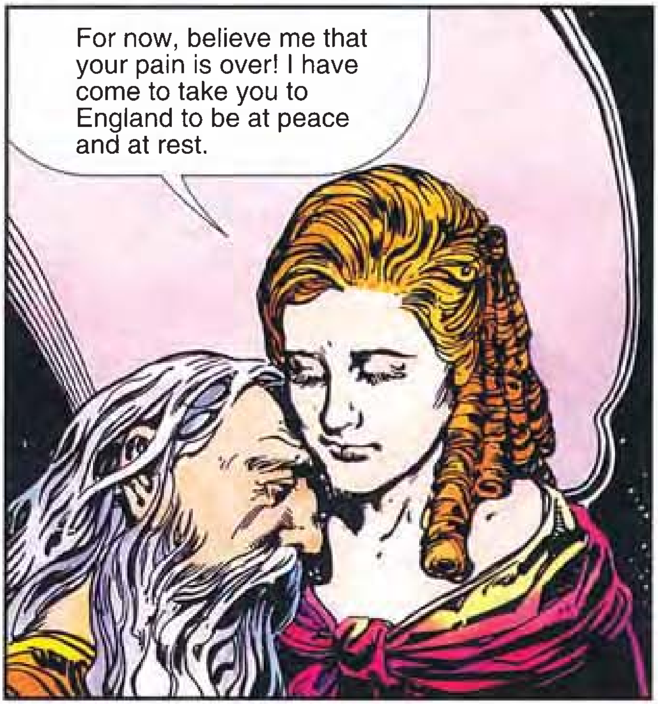





Lucie stepped near Dr. Manette.

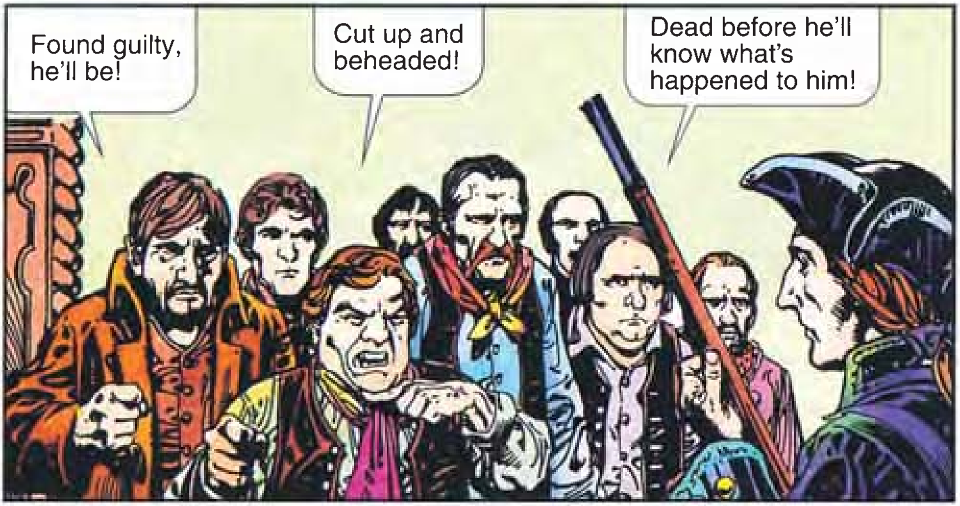




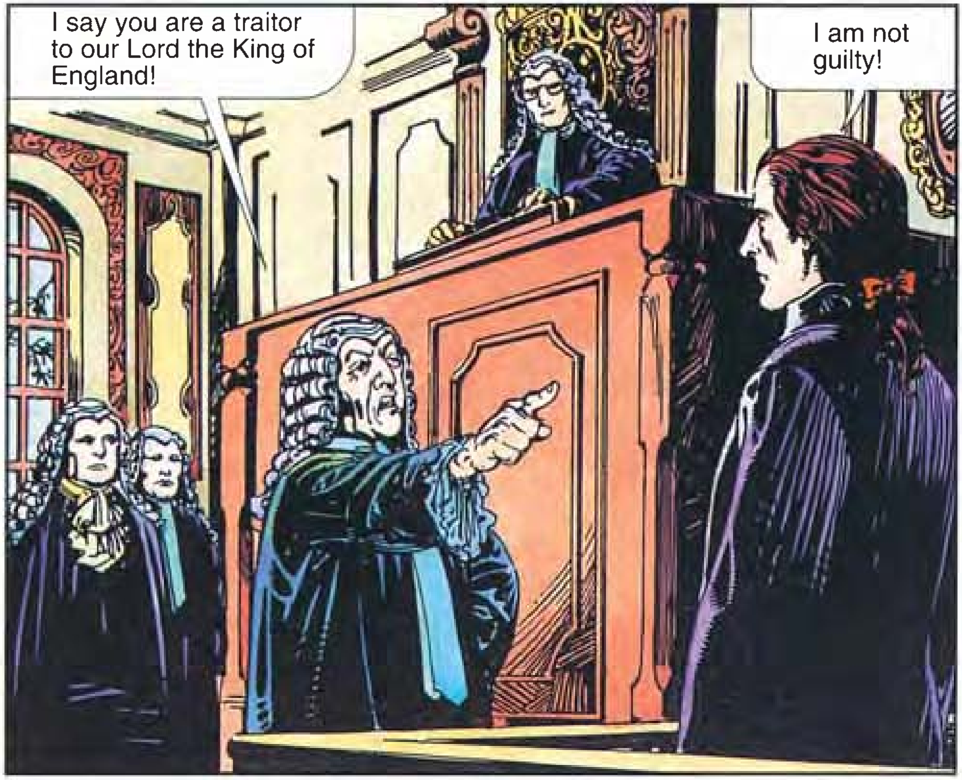




So, by coach and by ship, Dr. Manette was taken to London. Slowly, Lucie's tender care brought him back to health. They lived quietly and happily in a pleasant house just off Soho square, where Dr. Manette's medical knowledge and skill brought him many patients.

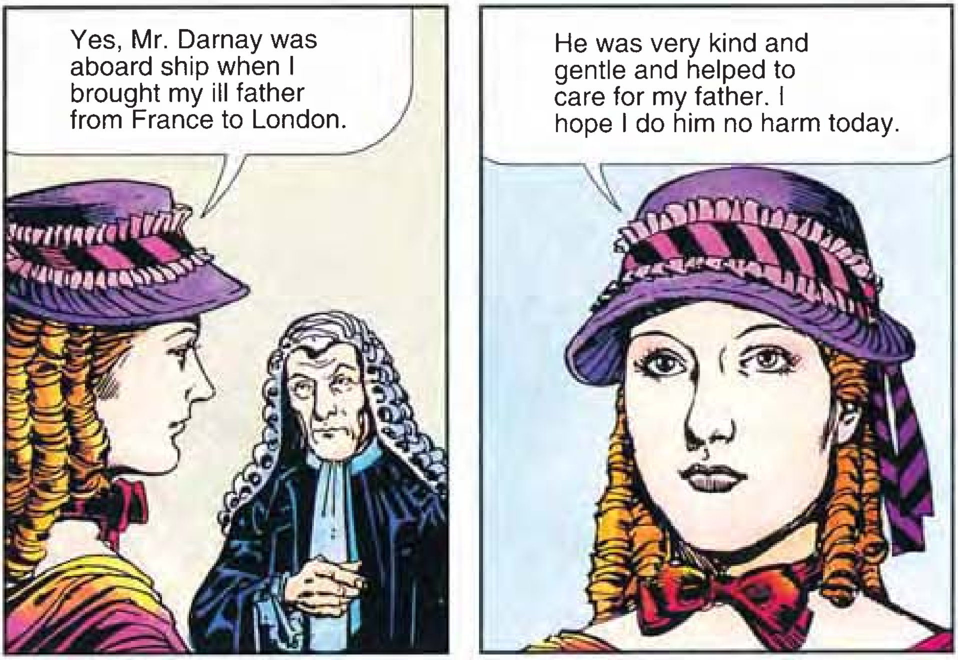
Five years passed. Then, in 1780, there was great excitement in London over the trial for treason of Charles Darnay, a young Frenchman.



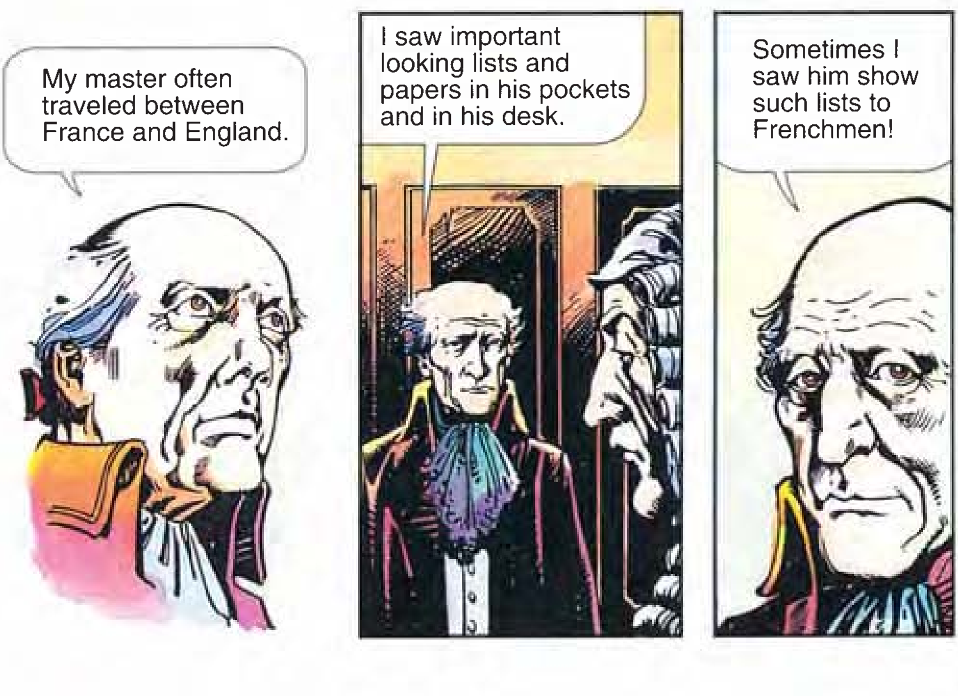

The prisoner was charged with traveling between England and France to give English secrets to the French King.



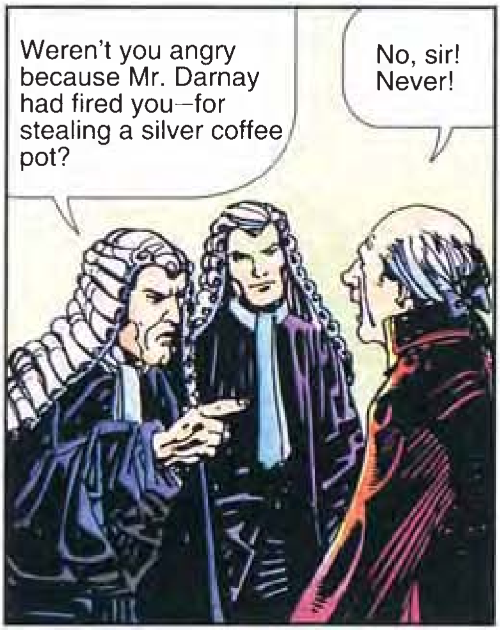
The court's lawyer claimed that the proof went back as far as five years. Miss Lucie Manette was called as a witness.




The court's lawyer called another witness, a man who was once a servant of Darnay's.



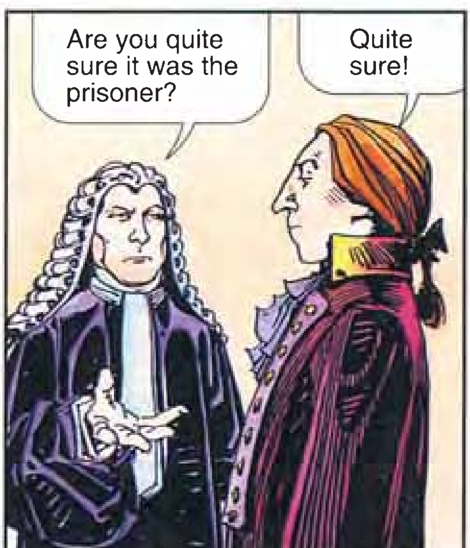
Darnay's lawyer said that his travels were on personal business. Then he asked the servant questions.





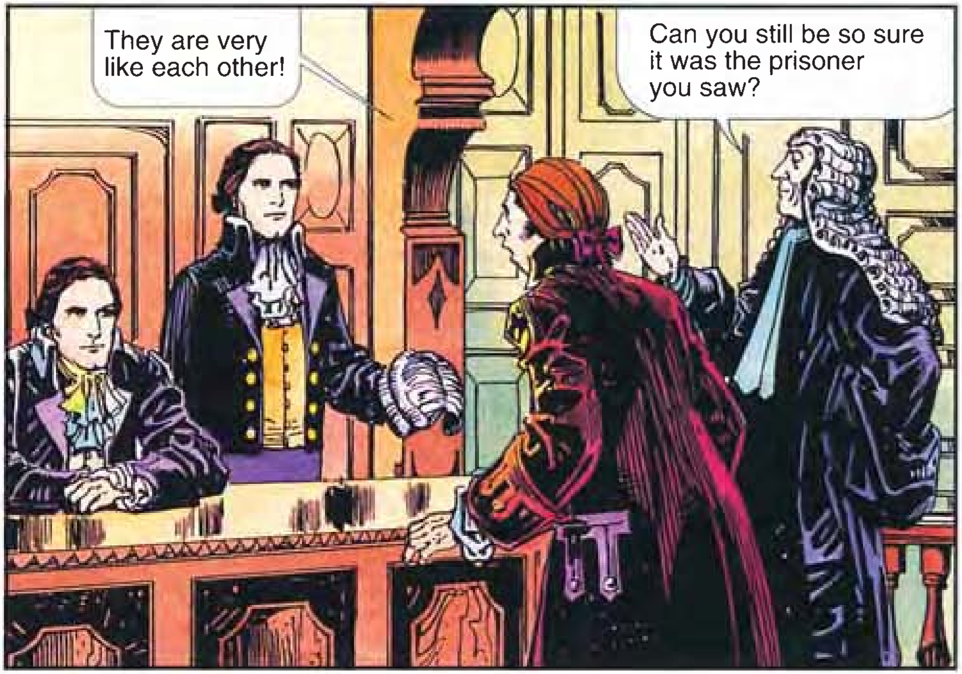


Another witness said that he had seen Darnay collecting information near a military post.





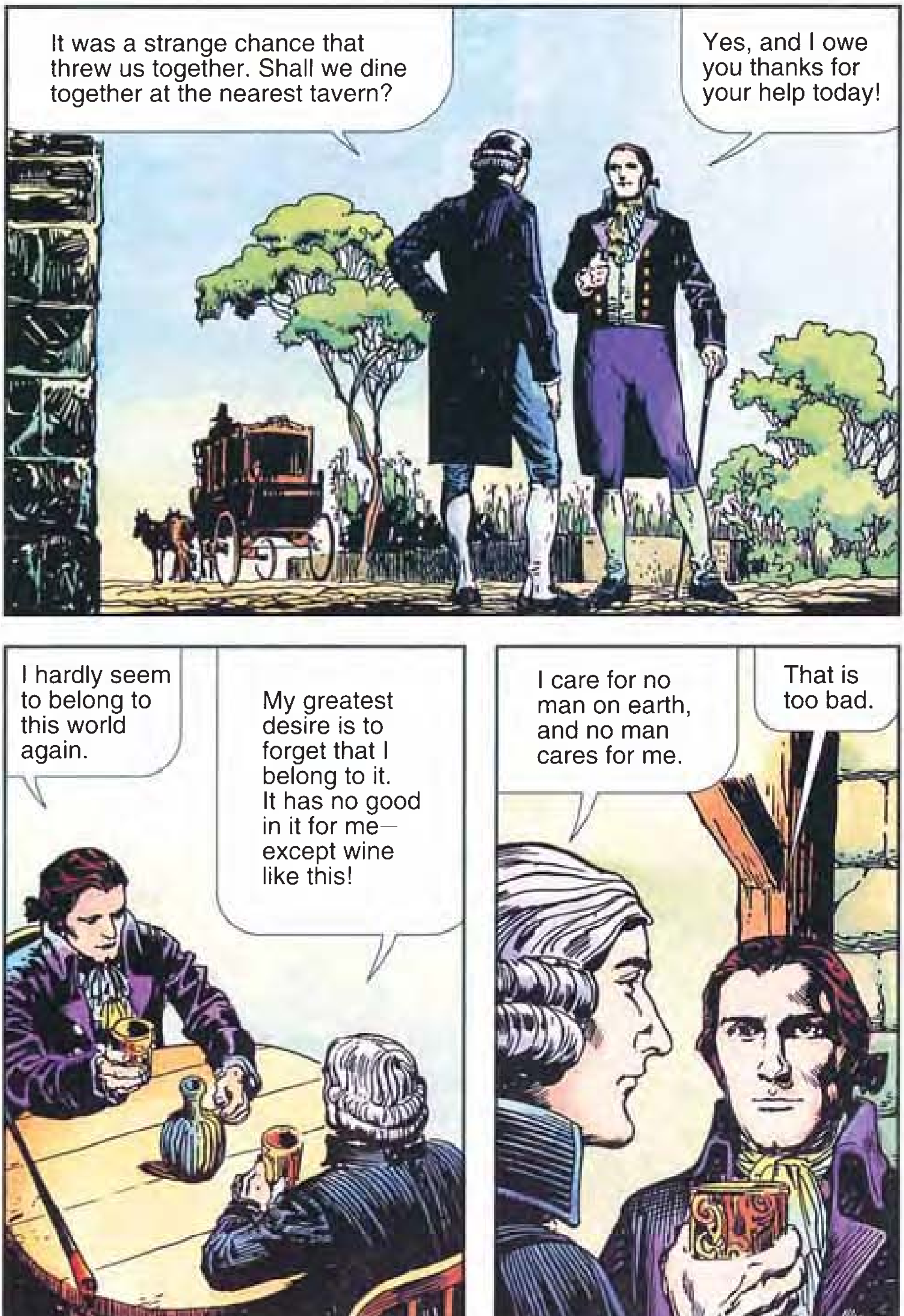

The assistant, Sydney Carton, rose and removed his white wig.




Not only the witness, but everyone present, was surprised by the likeness. The jury found Charles Darnay innocent, and he was released. His friends gathered to congratulate him.



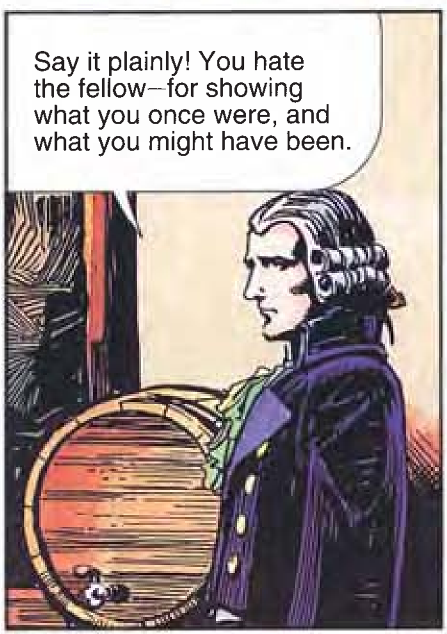
As father and daughter left, Sydney Carton walked up to Darnay.






Left alone, Carton picked up a candle and went to a mirror on the wall.

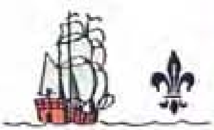



He returned to his wine, drank it all in a few minutes, and fell asleep on his arms.



Charles Darnay made his home in England, as a teacher of the French language. A part of his time was spent at Cambridge teaching university students. But family business still forced him to make visits to France.



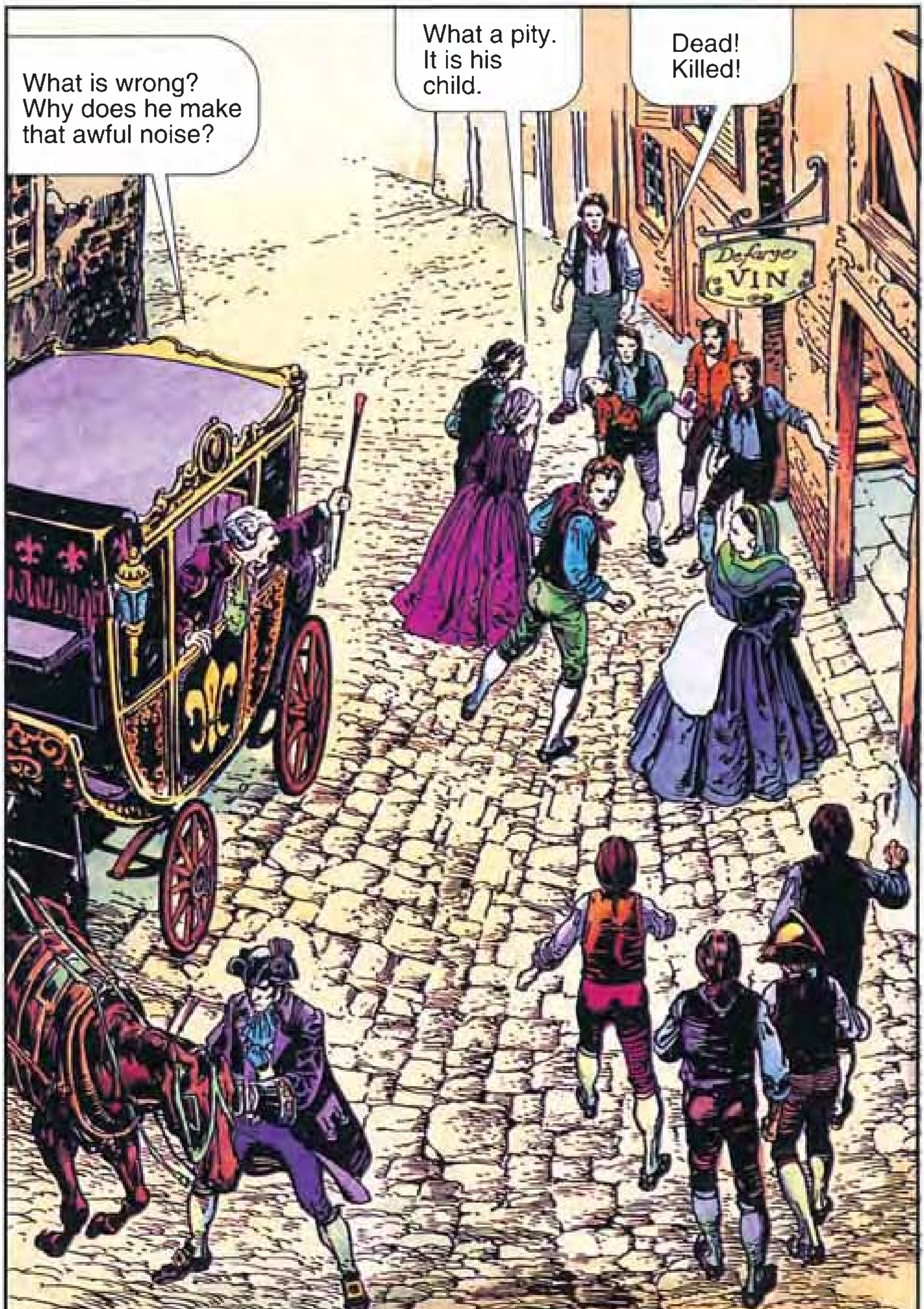
There, while the people starved, the King and his friends, lived as if life were an endless, fancy ball.



Quickly driving through the narrow streets, the rich seemed to enjoy watching the common people jump to escape being run down.



One day as the carriage of the Marquis St. Evremonde swept round a corner, it hit something and the horses reared.






The Marquis tossed a gold coin from the window.

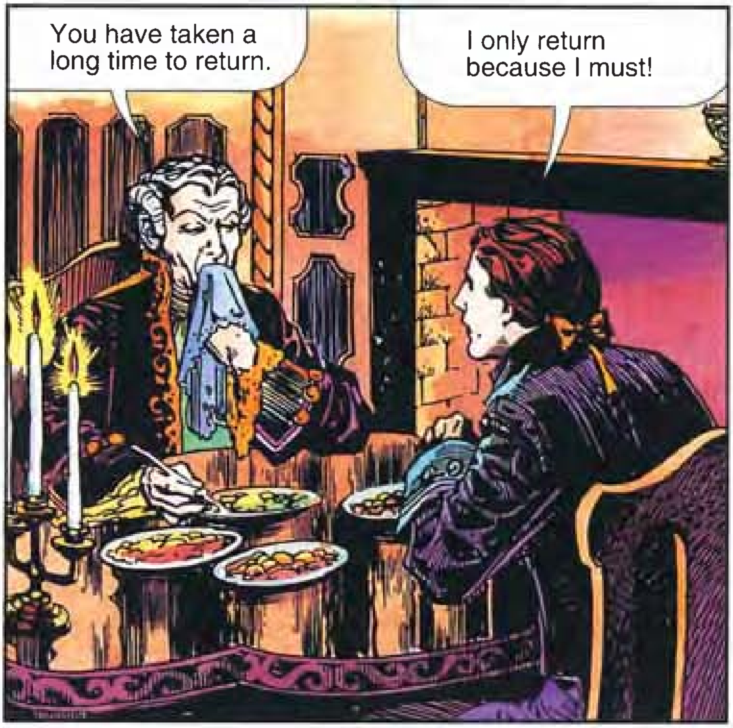



Suddenly the coin flew back through the window.

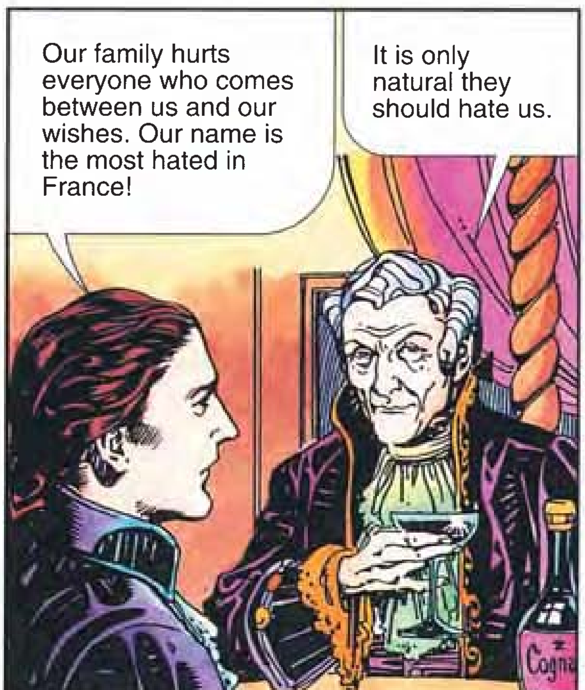





At sunset, the Marquis arrived at his country estate. Waiting for him was his nephew. Known in England as Charles Darnay, he was the son of the dead twin brother of the Marquis.









It is not yet yours! For myself, I will die to protect my power and property!


What is that noise? Open the blinds.


There is nothing here.


Very well. Now I will say good night.
Good night, sir.

Later, as the Marquis slept....






The father of the dead child had his revenge.

Charles Darnay returned to London. There, like a ship safely in harbor after a stormy voyage, Dr. Manette lived in peace with Lucie. The good Miss Pross, with whom Lucie had lived while she was an orphan, was a part of the household. And their friends were always welcome there.

Mr. Lorry, Charles Darnay, and Sydney Carton visited often.



One day Darnay called when he knew he would find Dr. Manette alone.









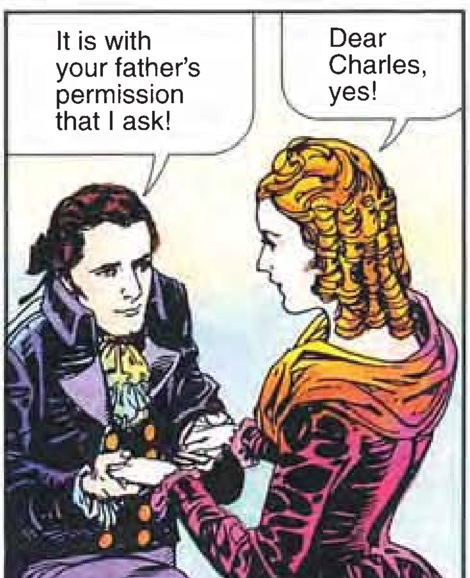






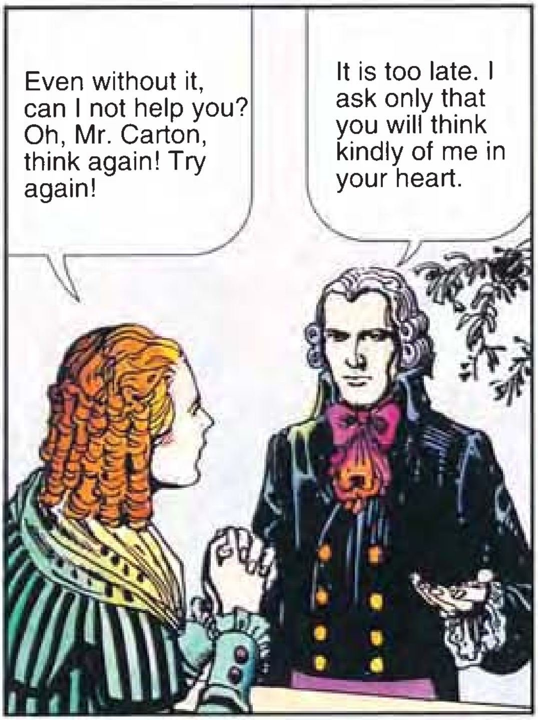



And so it was that Charles Darnay asked Lucie to marry him.




Soon after it was another man, Sydney Carton, who spoke to Lucie of love.

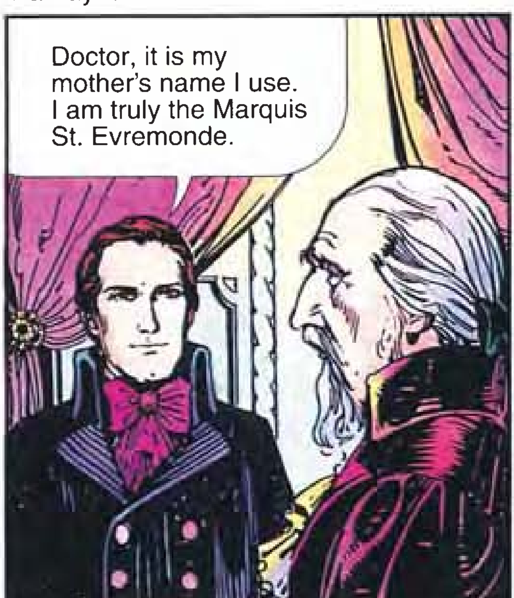






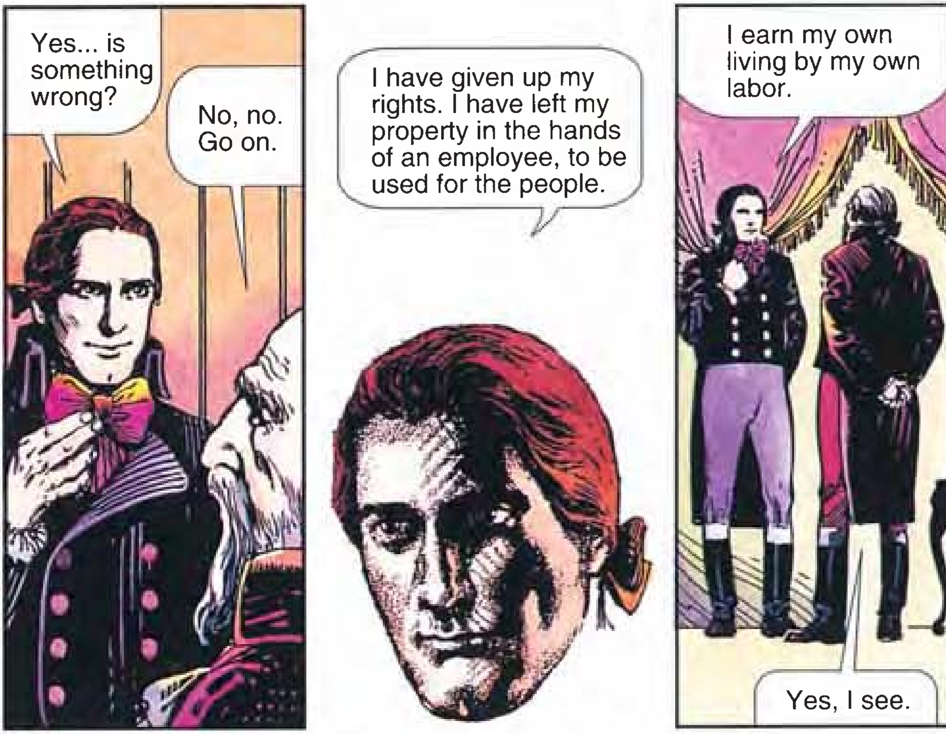


The wedding day arrived. Behind the closed door of Dr. Manette's room, Darnay talked wih him.




Dr. Manette's face turned pale.









And so Lucie and Charles were married.



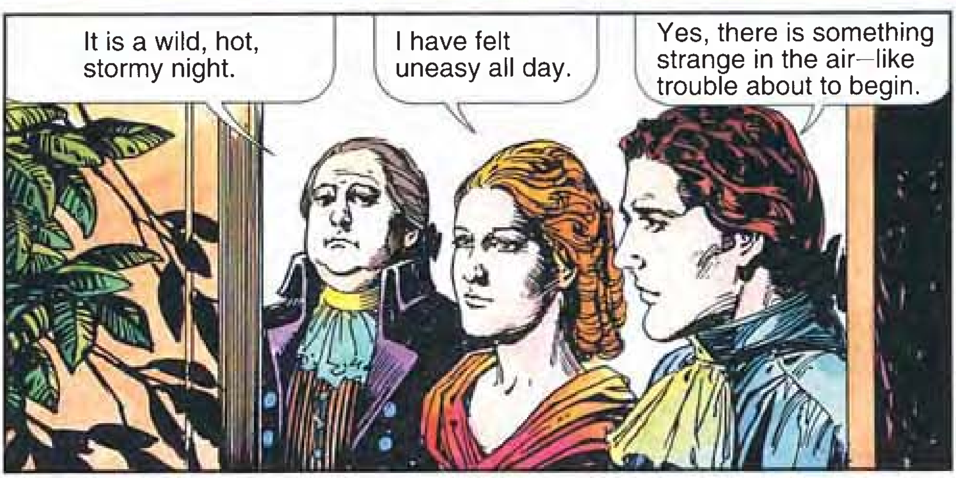

In Paris, an Englishman, an old friend, came to the Defarge's shop to drink wine.
It was you who cared for Dr. Manette when he was released.
That is true....
Do you know his daughter has married a Frenchman?
No....
He is called Darnay in England, but he is truly the Marquis St. Evremonde!
If it is true, I hope for her sake, Fate will keep her husband out of France.
Her husband's luck will take him where he is to go, and will lead him to the end that is to end him!

In London, Darnay and Lucie lived happily with Dr. Manette. A daughter, little Lucie, lived with them.




Late on a night in mid-July, 1789, Mr. Lorry came to the Darnay's from Tellson's Bank.

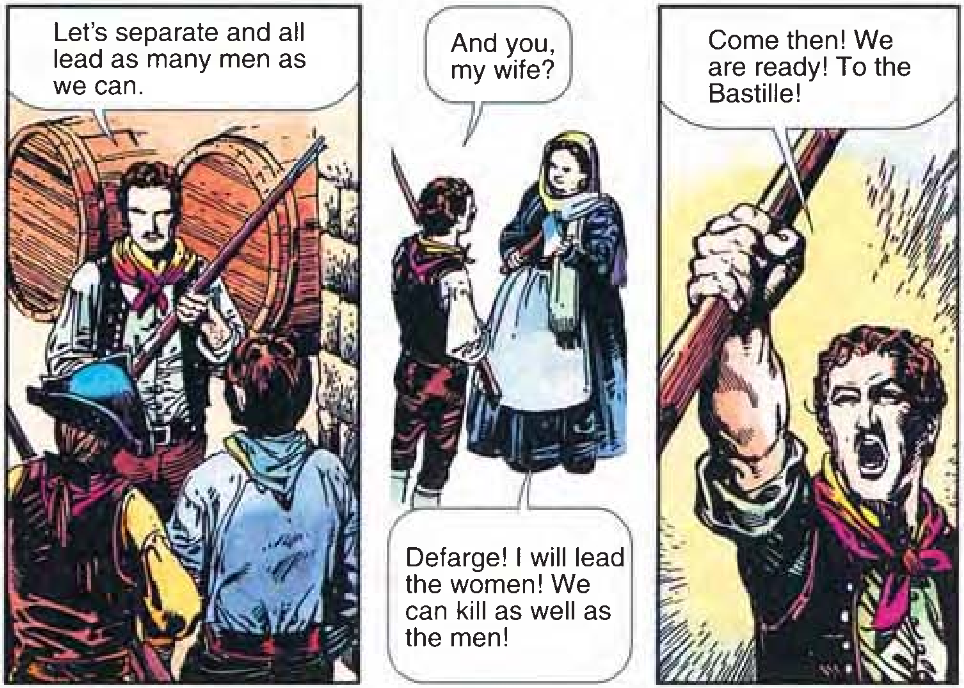


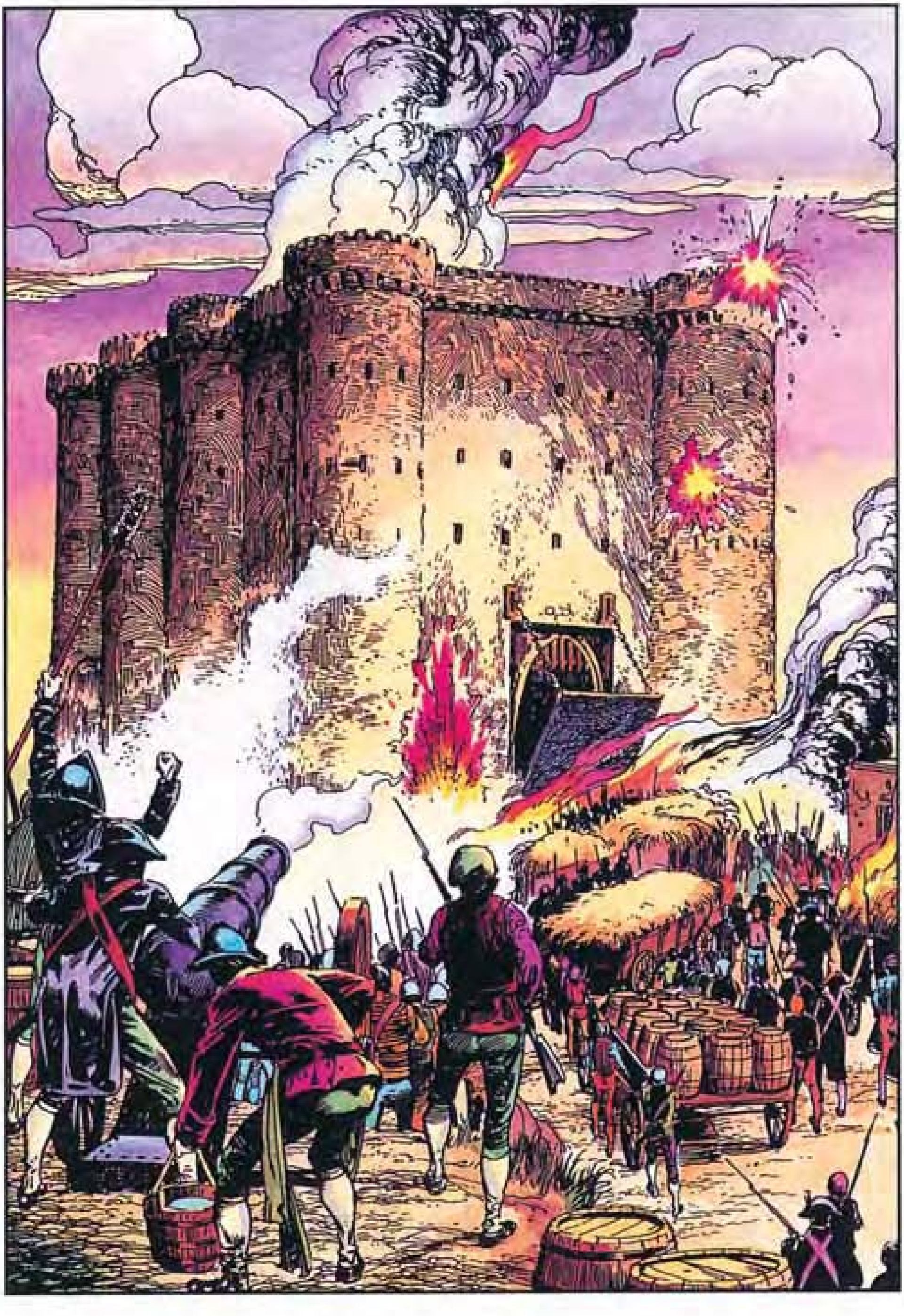
It was July 14. Paris had become like a whirlpool of boiling water. Someone was giving out weapons.



The center of the whirlpool was Defarge's wine shop.

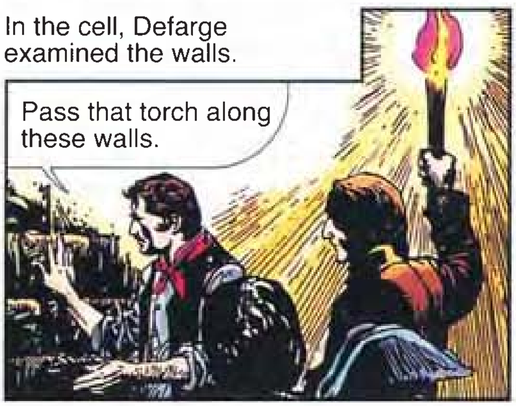


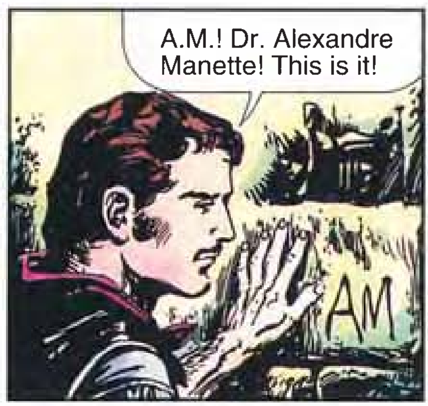
With a roar of anger, with alarm bells ringing, drums beating, the crowd attacked the Bastille—the state-prison in Paris, most hated by the people.



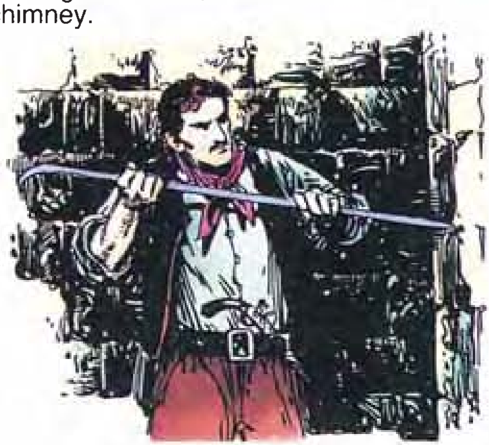
*The white flag of surrender appeared. The mob swept over the lowered drawbridge into the courtyard, Defarge leading.*



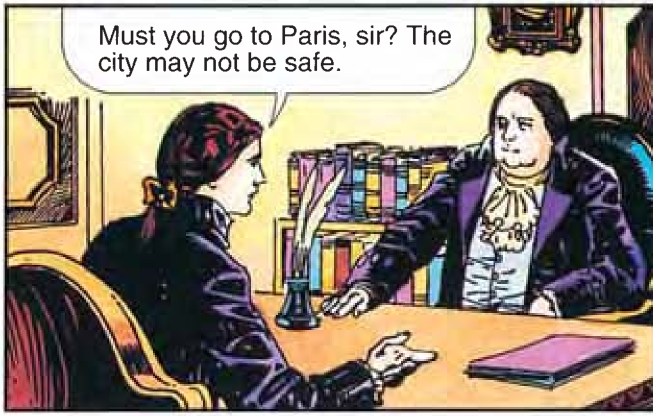

Finding a crowbar, he turned to the chimney.

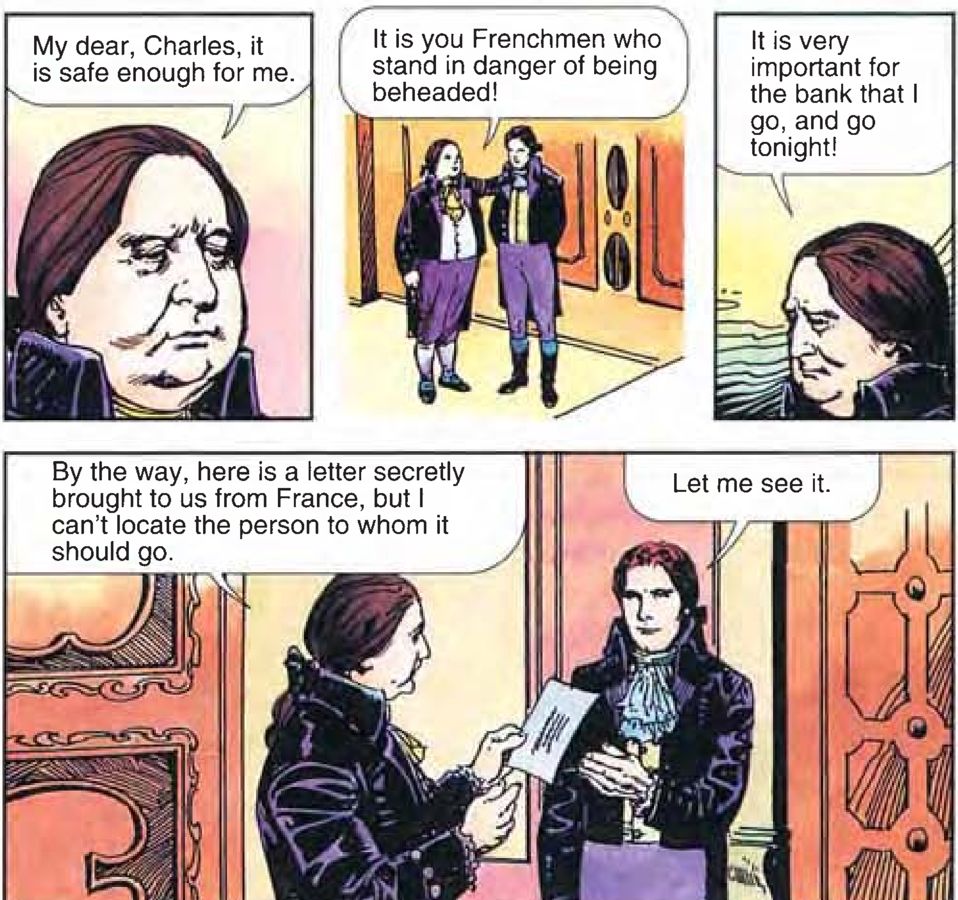




Once begun, the revolution swept over France and became a time of terror. Treated badly for too long, the common people turned upon the King and his friends hurting the innocent along with the guilty. Many rich people fled to England.

Their meeting place in London was Tellson's Bank. There, in August, 1792, Charles Darnay talked to Mr. Lorry.



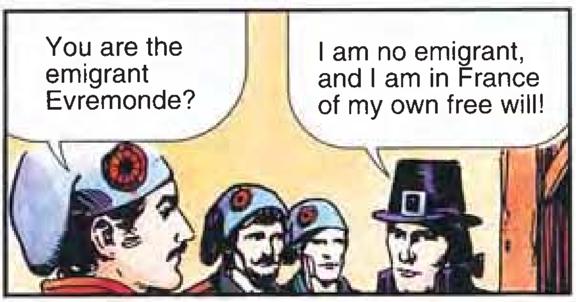




It was addressed to himself! But Darnay remembered his promise to Dr. Manette not to tell his name.
The Marquis St. Evremonde - care of Tellson's Bank London, England
I know him. I will deliver it. And good luck on your journey.
Goodbye, Charles.
Later, Darnay read the letter.
Abbaye Prison, Paris
June 21, 1792
Monsieur the Marquis:
I have been seized and imprisoned and shall lose my life, without your help! I am accused of acting against the people for an emigrant. In vain I say I have acted for the people, according to your commands. They say I have acted for an emigrant, and where is that emigrant?
I beg you to return and release me. I have been true to you, Sir. I pray you to be true to me.
Your unhappy servant
Gabelle
Poor Gabelle! I should not have left him alone to handle things. In my happiness here, I have forgotten my duties in France. I must go to Paris.
I will explain to Lucie and her father in letters to be delivered after I leave. It will keep them from having to say sad goodbyes.

Reaching France, Darnay found things worse than he had expected. Every town gate had its citizen-guards who stopped all those who tried to pass through.

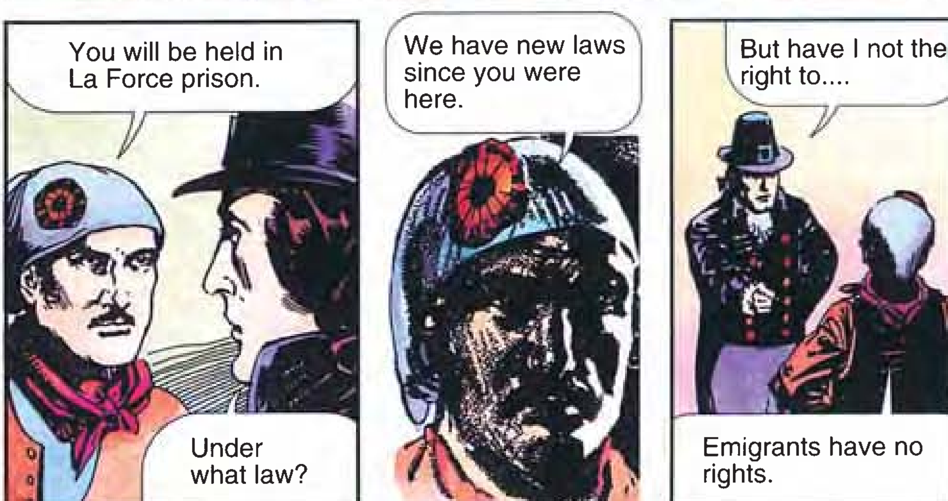



In Paris, he was taken before an officer of the people, Citizen Defarge.







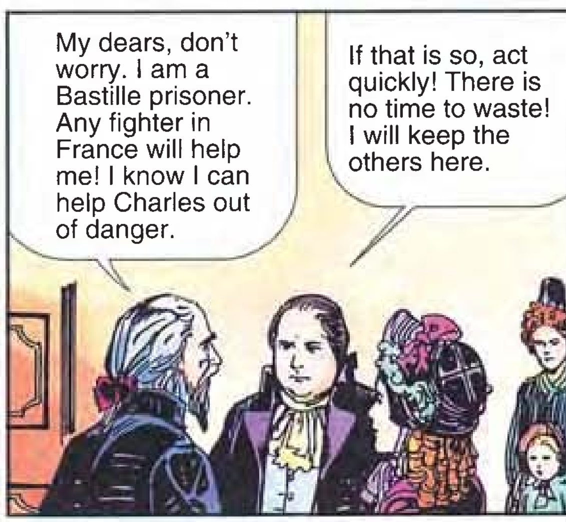


A few days later, as Mr. Lorry worked in the Paris office of Tellson's Bank, his door burst open.



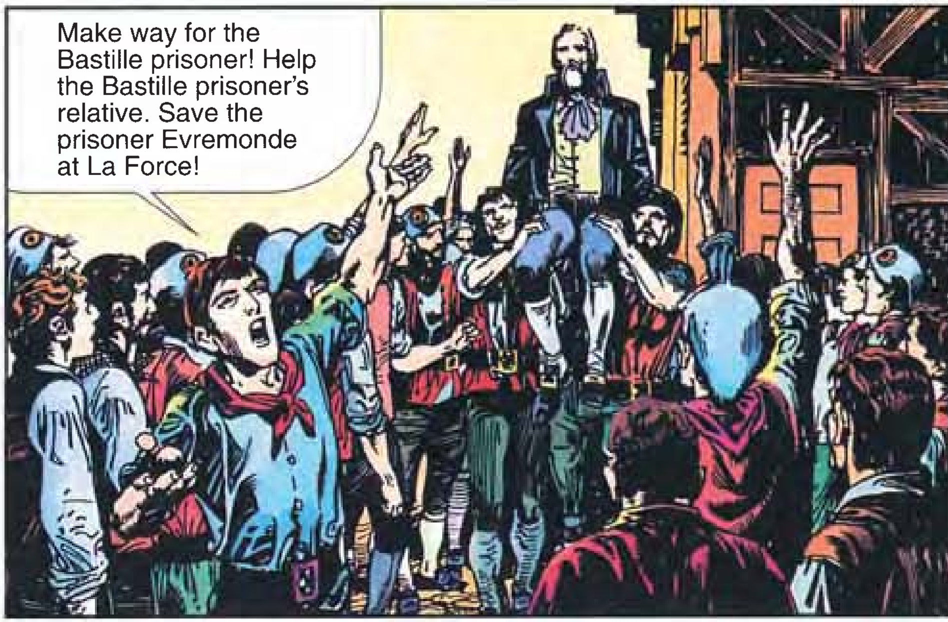







Mr. Lorry knew though the others did not, that even at that moment mobs were putting the rich into prisons and killing them by the hundreds.

But Dr. Manette was right. As soon as he made himself known, the crowd took him to its heart and set out to help him.

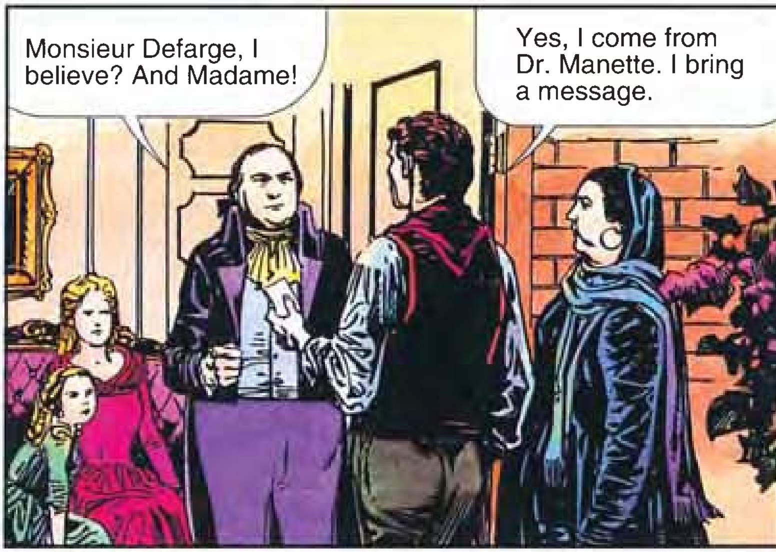



At La Force, he was taken before a committee that was trying the prisoners. One of its members was Defarge. He knew the doctor.






For four days Dr. Manette stayed with Charles. The next night he was able to send Lucie a note from Charles.













After the Defarges left....



*The worst danger over, Dr. Manette returned. Fifteen months passed. During all that time Lucie was never sure, from hour to hour, whether the Guillotine would strike off her husband's head next day.*



At long last, Charles Darnay was brought to Court. For a second time he stood on trial for his life.



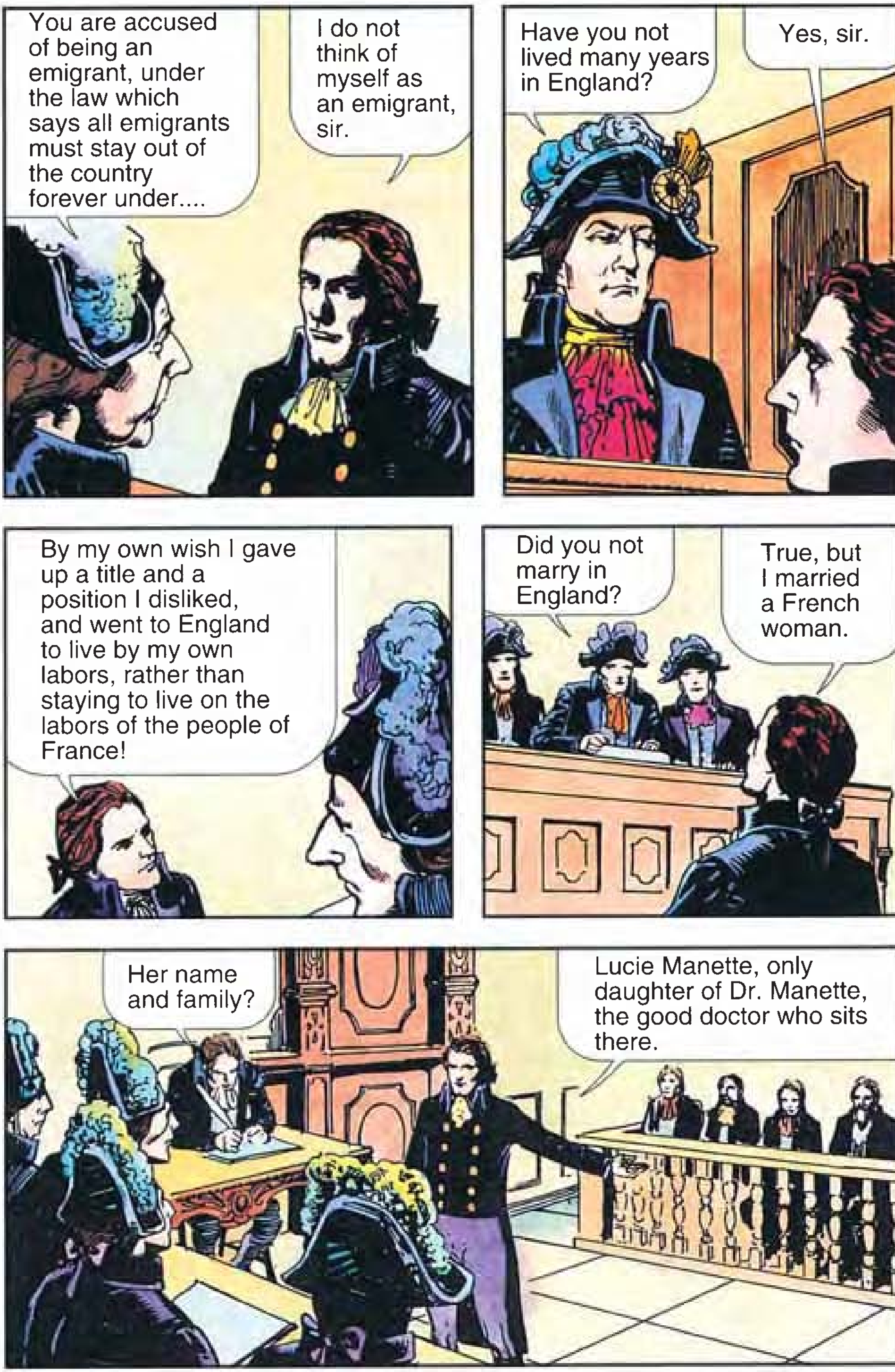
Darnay noticed only two faces in the crowd:



a hard faced woman....



.... and his kind father-in-law.



You are accused of being an emigrant, under the law which says all emigrants must stay out of the country forever under....
I do not think of myself as an emigrant, sir.
Have you not lived many years in England?
Yes, sir.
By my own wish I gave up a title and a position I disliked, and went to England to live by my own labors, rather than staying to live on the labors of the people of France!
Did you not marry in England?
True, but I married a French woman.
Her name and family?
Lucie Manette, only daughter of Dr. Manette, the good doctor who sits there.

Darnay was asked why he had returned to France when he did, and Gabelle, who had been freed a few days earlier, spoke for him.



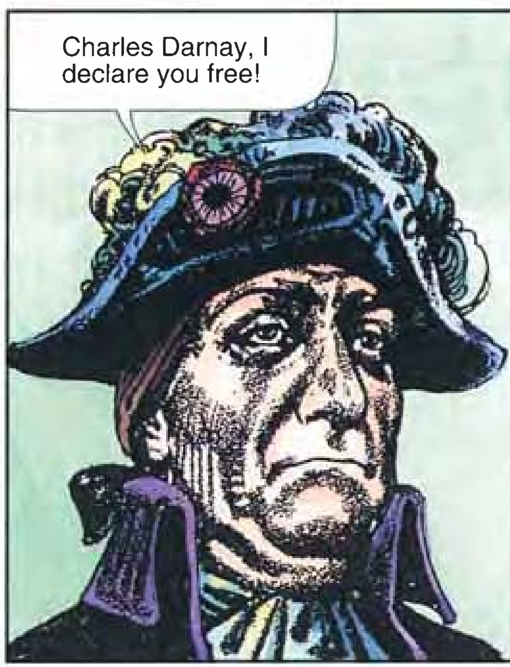

Then Dr. Manette was questioned.





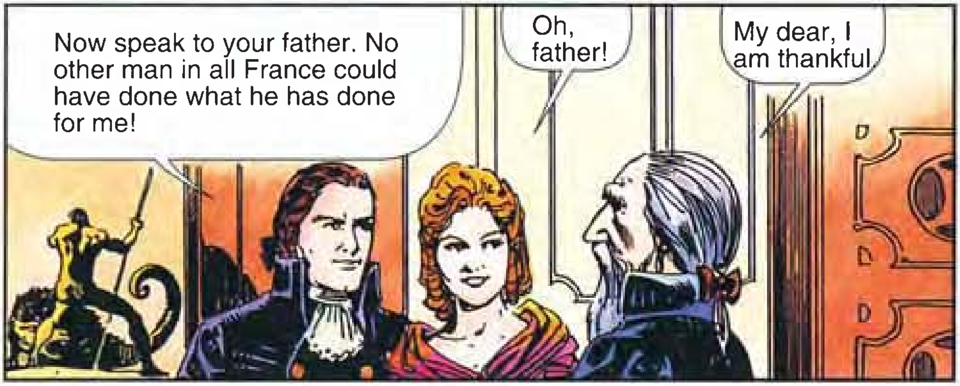


Every vote was in Darnay's favor.



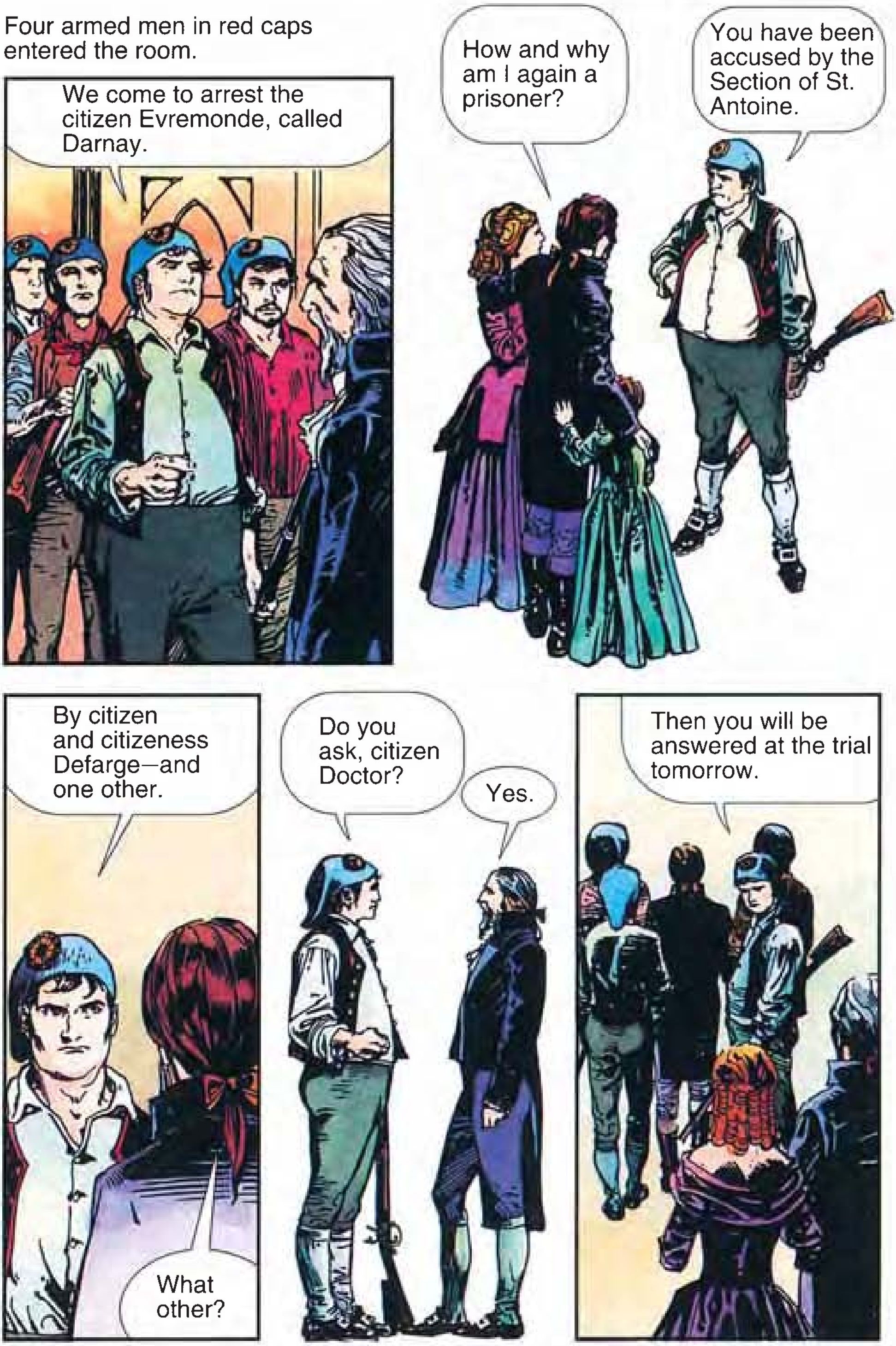
In a wild, dreamlike parade the crowd carried Darnay home on its shoulders. So, at last, he was back with his family.



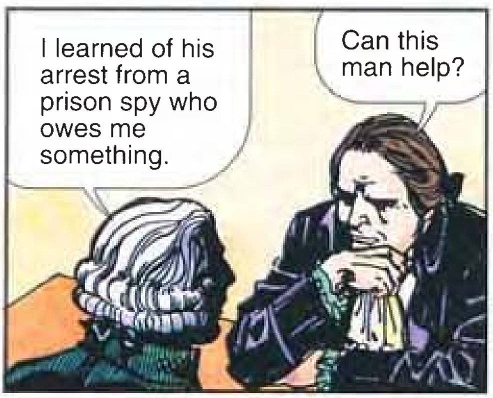

But that evening there was a knock on the door.

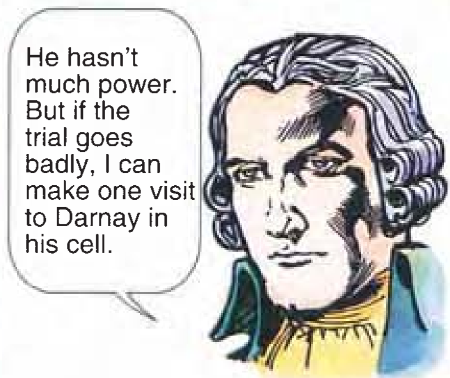



Four armed men in red caps entered the room.
We come to arrest the citizen Evremonde, called Darnay.
How and why am I again a prisoner?
You have been accused by the Section of St. Antoine.
By citizen and citizeness Defarge—and one other.
What other?
Do you ask, citizen Doctor?
Yes.
Then you will be answered at the trial tomorrow.

Sydney Carton had just arrived in Paris and was worried about his friends.




Leaving, Carton made his way to a small chemist's shop.



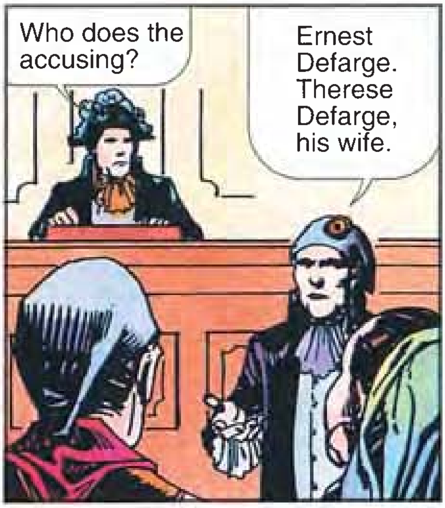

During the night, knowing he would not sleep, Sydney Carton walked the streets of Paris. He remembered his mother who died in his childhood. He remembered his father's funeral. He walked with purpose, like a man who had found his road and saw its end.

At dawn he stood on a bridge over the river. He watched the stars fade, the sun rise. He remembered the words spoken over his father's grave.



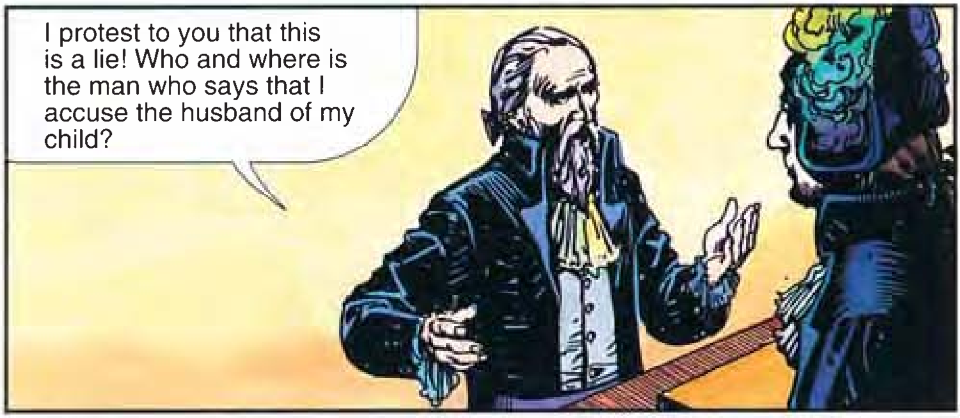

That morning, again, Darnay was brought to trial.

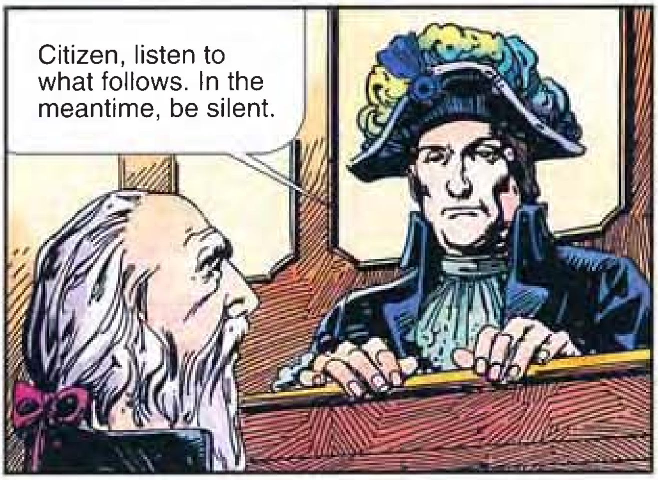


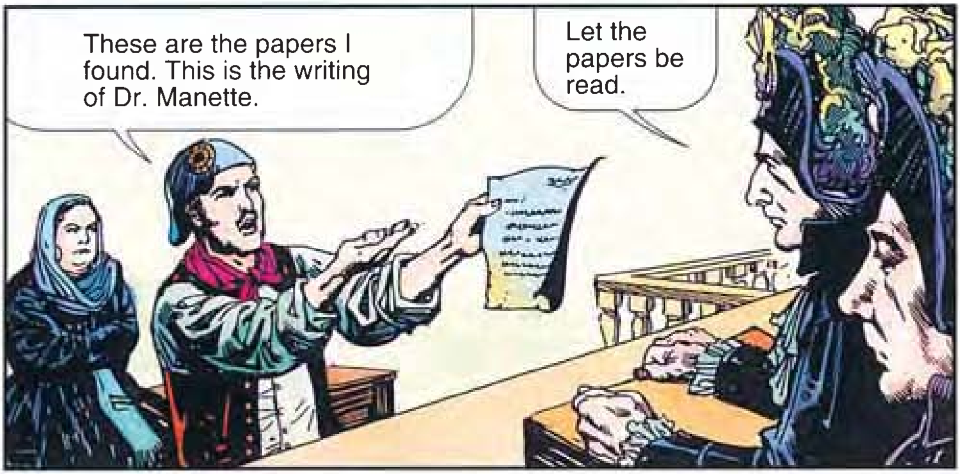



Pale and trembling, Dr. Manette rose.




Defarge spoke. He told of Dr. Manette's imprisonment, of his release, of the Defarge's care of him. He told of the fall of the Bastille, of his visit to cell 105, North Tower; of the hole in the chimney, and the written papers he found there.





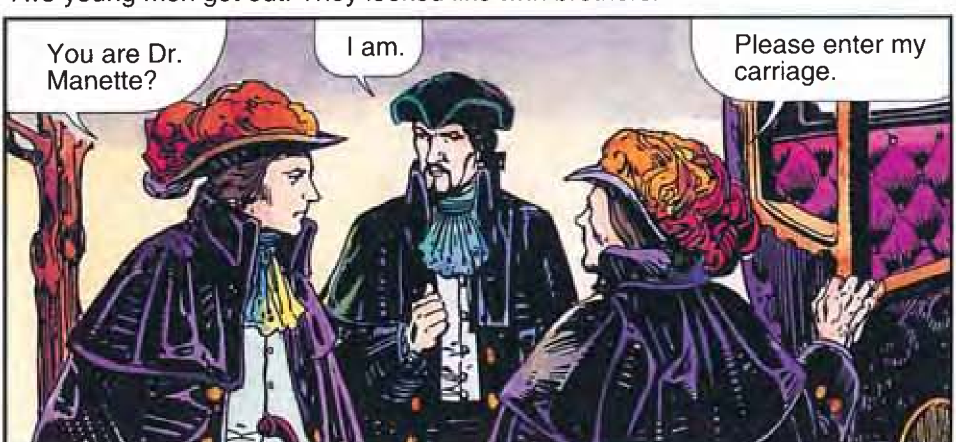

I swear that I write the truth. Someone may find it when I and my sorrows are dust.



One night in December, 1757, as I walked by the river, a fast-driven carriage came up behind. I stood aside, but instead of passing, it stopped.




Two young men got out. They looked like twin brothers.



They were armed. I had no choice. I entered and was driven to a lonely country house.



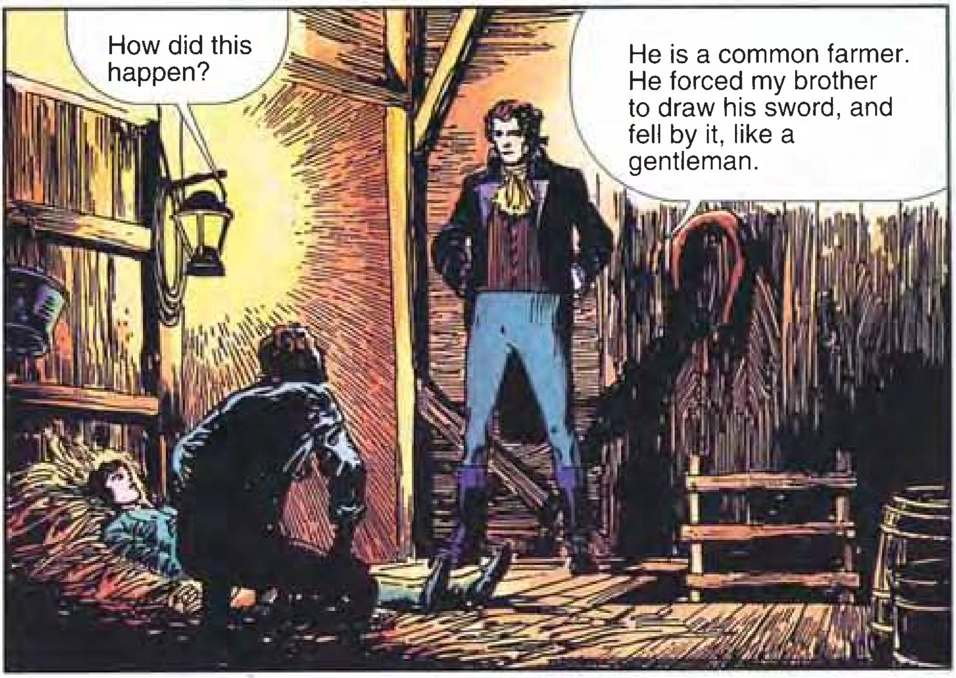



The patient was a beautiful young woman. She was out of her head.

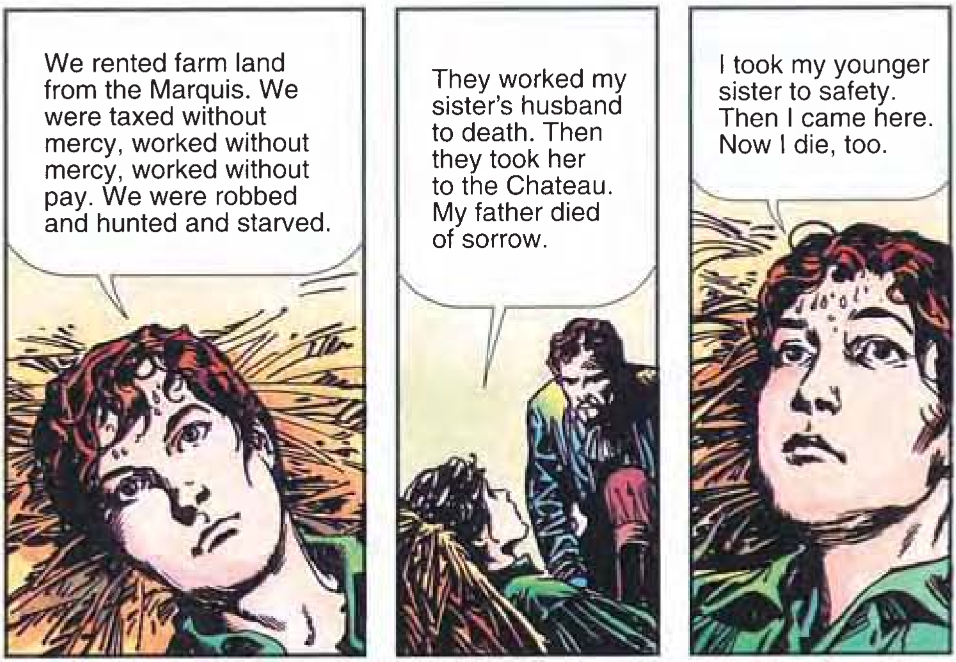




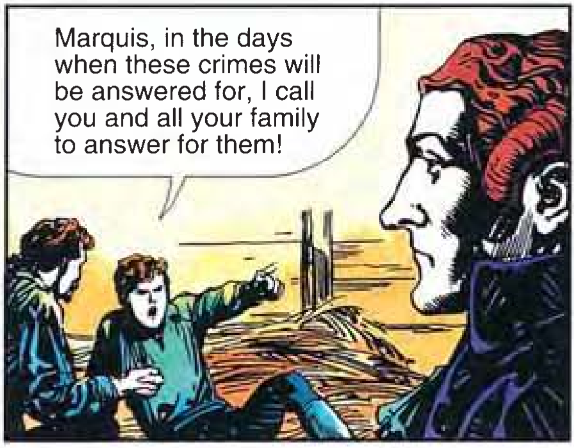

In a loft over a stable, the young woman's brother lay dying of a sword wound.




The boy was dying. He told me his story.



With a great effort, the boy raised himself.




So the boy died; and shortly afterward, his sister.



Returning home, I wrote a letter to the police telling them the truth of what had happened. But my letter never reached them.






So I was brought to my living grave.



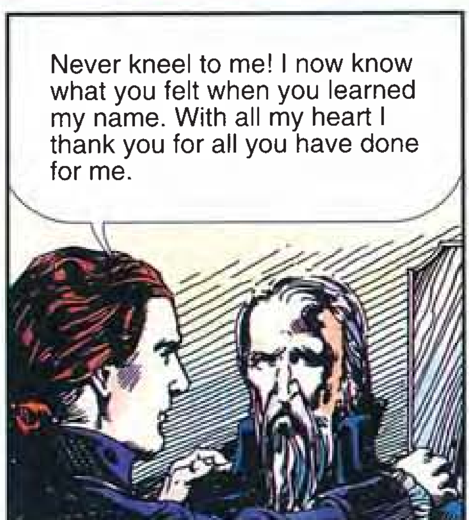


When the document was finished, a great cry for blood arose in the Court. Every juryman voted "guilty."

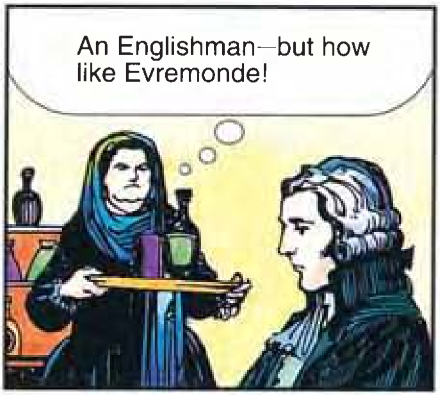



As Darnay was led away....



But Sydney Carton had made his plans. He went to Defarge's wine shop.




They were still excited about the trial.









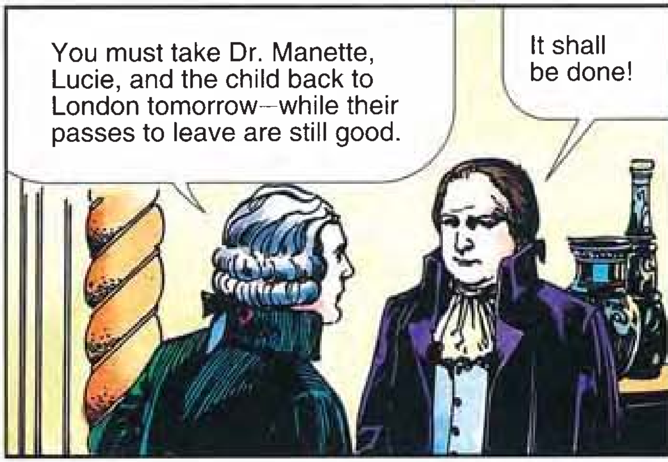


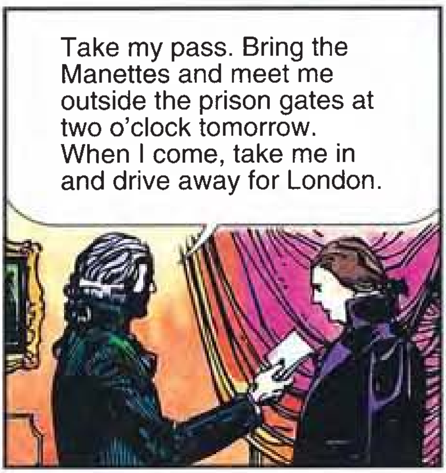


Carton went next to Mr. Lorry's.



Carton told what he heard at the wine shop... that Lucie and the child were in danger, that Madame Defarge planned to have them killed.



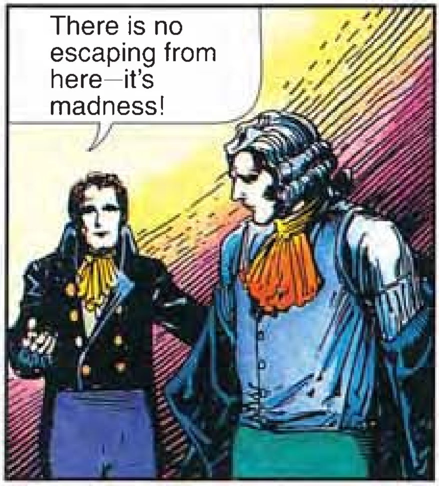




The following day, in Darnay's cell....






As Darnay removed his coat, Carton knocked him out with the drug he had bought.



In a moment, Darnay was out cold. Carton quickly finished changing their clothing, then called the prison spy.




In a short time, Mr. Lorry's coach was leaving the city.






The coach passed through in safety.




In the meantime, Madame Defarge made plans of her own.






Alone in the apartment, Miss Pross was getting ready to follow her dear friends in another coach, when Madame Defarge appeared at the door.







From the folds of her skirt, Madame Defarge drew a pistol. They fought briefly, and....





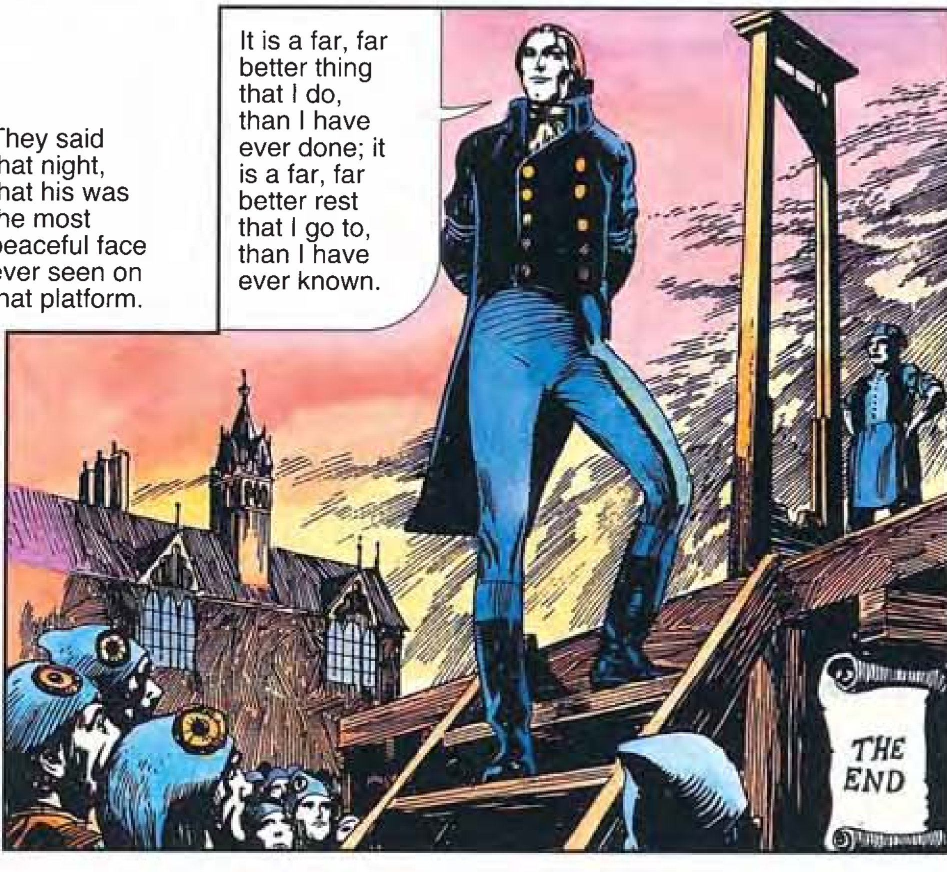
A few minutes later, Miss Pross was on her way out of Paris.

As Lucie, Charles, and the others made their way back to England, Sydney Carton was on his way to the Guillotine.




If he could have written his thoughts, Sydney Carton would have said: “I see a beautiful city and beautiful people rising from the evil of this time. In England, I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, and happy. I see myself held in memory in their hearts, and honored in their souls.”

They said that night, that his was the most peaceful face ever seen on that platform.



# A Tale of Two Cities

Journey between London and Paris during that perilous time known as "The French Revolution." This is a story of two men that look alike—one in danger of being beheaded by the guillotine, and the other, a hero that sacrifices his own life for his friend. The French Revolution has been called "The Reign of Terror," and you will feel the terror in your own bones as you read!

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